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A

TOUR TO QUEBEC,

IN THE

AUTUMN OF 1819.

BY

DR. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN YALE COLLEGE—AUTHOR OF A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, HOLLAND, AND SCOTLAND.

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PREFACE.

During the excursion which produced the following pages, I began with an intention of sketching a series of short articles; but, before the close of the journey, these remarks, although written hastily, became too extensive for the object first intended. For reasons, with which it is, perhaps, unnecessary to trouble the reader, it has since been thought advisable to print them, after due revision, in the form in which they now appear.

The geological notices are, with few exceptions, placed under distinct heads, and may, without inconvenience, be omitted by those to whom they are uninteresting. But, the geological features of a country being permanent —being intimately connected with its scenery, with its leading interests, and even with the very character of its population, have a fair claim to delineation, in the observations of a traveller; and this course, however unusual with us, is now common in Europe. I regret that my limited time did not admit of more extended and complete observations of this nature, and I cannot flatter myself that they are always free from error.

The historical remarks and citations have been the more extended, from an impression that less has been said by travellers in America, than might have been expected, of scenes and events which, to Americans, I conceive, must ever be subjects of the deepest interest.

The friend, in whose company this tour was made, having been in the habit, when travelling, of taking hasty outlines of interesting portions of scenery, and of finishing them after his return, did, in this instance, the same; and, although when executed, they were not intended for publication, the drawings, which illustrate some of the scenes in this work, were, at my request, furnished by him.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

Yale College,
August 11th, 1820.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

Approach to Quebec from the South-west.

THIS sketch, taken from the steam-boat, was commenced about three or four miles above the city, and when we were passing every moment rapidly along. It was unavoidably subjected to the disadvantage of constant change of position; but, as it fortunately happened, this circumstance rather augmented the distinctness, than altered the relative position of the principal objects.

On the right, is exhibited part of the promontory of Point Levi, with a glimpse of a few of the houses and ships at its foot. In the remote view, down the river, are seen some of the highlands, beyond the falls of Montmorenci, on the left bank of the river, and of the distance of from ten to fifteen miles. Immediately before the observer, is the smooth expanse of the river, with some of the numerous ships and boats that adorn its surface.

On the left, and nearest at hand, a beautiful copse of wood, with some buildings at its feet, just intercepts the view of Wolfe's Cove, which lies between this grove and the high bank on which stands the nearest round tower; only the opening of the cove is seen. Then come the heights on which are the plains of Abraham, and upon them the Martello towers, two of which only are from this position visible; the view of two others is cut off by the intervening heights. Further on appears Cape Diamond, composed of almost perpendicular precipices of naked rock, three hundred and forty-five feet in the greatest height. The walls and towers of massy stone, pierced and cut down for embrasures, and crowned with the flag-staff and colours that appear on this Cape, constitute the CITADEL of QUEBEC. Immediately at the foot of this precipice is the commencement of the lower town, which is continued around the foot of the rock; only a very small part of it, and no portion of the houses of the upper *town*, is visible from this point of view.

PLATES II. AND III.

Lake George from Fort George, and Lake George from the Village of Caldwell.

IN the first of these Views, the observer being at Fort George, situated, as I have already remarked, at some distance from the southern shore of the lake, and in a direction about mid-way between

its eastern and western sides, contemplates a prospect considerably different from that seen in the other position. The eastern barrier is now much less in view: the promontory, where the lake turns off to the right, and is lost among the mountains, and where north-west bay stretches to the left, and appears bounded by very high mountains, is immediately before him, at the distance of about twelve miles; the islands in view are more numerous, and give greater variety to the now more extended surface of the lake; and, immediately at the observer's feet, is the acclivity, by which we ascend from the lake to the old fort, upon the walls of which we are supposed to stand, and they, of course, are not in view. On the very shore we observe one of the old barracks, formerly belonging to the fort, now exhibiting a tavern sign, and till within a few years constituting the only place of accommodation to those who visited Lake George. At this place, although principally covered by the water, are the ruins of the old military quay or pier, formerly extending a good way into the lake, and affording important facilities to the numerous expeditions that have sailed upon Lake George.

The second view is taken from the water's edge, in front of the public-house, in the village of Caldwell, which stands on the very shore of the south-western side of the lake, and, of course, leaves that village in the rear, and exhibits, as the most prominent objects, the mountains on the eastern shore, forming a strong contrast with the peaceful bosom of the lake. Several of the islands are in sight, and pleasantly diversify the uniform surface of the water, the view of which, to the north and north-west, is necessarily limited by the position of the observer.

PLATE IV.

Monte Video—Approach to the House.

This view will give some ocular illustration of the scenery on the top of the mountain. It exhibits a view of the lake, the cultivated lawn, the buildings, the surrounding forest, and rocky pinnacles and tower; but still it must be remembered, that they give only some parts of the scene *on the top* of the mountain, without conveying any adequate idea of the altitude of the place, and scarcely a glimpse of the remote scenery. Indeed, the full illustration of the beauties of this mountain would require a port-folio of views, and would form a fine subject for the pencil of a master.

As the beauty and grandeur of this place depend principally upon certain general facts relative to the geological structure and consequent scenery of the middle region of Connecticut, the most original are sketched in a very general way in the course of the text.

TOUR TO QUEBEC,

&c. &c.

RELAXATION and health, and the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, were our immediate motives for undertaking this journey. On the 21st of September we left Hartford for Albany. A blustering equinoctial had been howling for two days, but without rain, and, as a severe drought had long prevailed, clouds of dust rose, in incessant eddies, and driving before a violent wind, filled the atmosphere, and enveloped every object. We were not, however, prevented by the storm of sand and dust from setting out, nor, by the rain which soon followed, from proceeding. The fine turnpike upon which we commenced our journey was, but a few years since, a most rugged uncomfortable road; now we passed it with ease and rapidity, scarcely perceiving its beautiful undulations, which, gradually rising, as we receded from the Connecticut river, brought us, within little more than an hour, to the foot of Talcot mountain.

MONTE VIDEO.

After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike-road is continued. From this plain, the traveller who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods, by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east by the ridge which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs, to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

At the end of a mile and an half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country-residence.

Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left, and you look almost perpendicularly into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which, although apparently within reach, is 640 feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has, until now, been your boundary, and seemed an impassable barrier, suddenly breaks off and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half-a-mile, in bold grey masses, to the height of 120 feet, crowned by forest-trees, above which appears a tower, of the same colour as the rocks.

The space, or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back-bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake, of the purest water, nearly half-a-mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or tenant's house, and extending half-a-mile, is a scene of cultivation, uninclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path, leaving the carriage-road, passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs, on which the tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the north extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees, standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side during the warm weather, forming, at that season, a delightful summer-house, and in the winter, being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path, which, beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction, and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge, to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments, and massy ruins, around and below you.

The view from the house towards the east presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with forest-trees, from amongst which

a road is seen to issue, passing to the south, along the brink of the water, and although perfectly safe, appears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

Every thing in this view is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion; for, beyond the water and the open ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may, without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near, that with the aid only of a common spy-glass you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighbouring village, even to the frolics of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls, seeking their food, or watching over and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium the mingled sounds occasioned by preparations for the rural occupations of the day.

Scenery and Geology of the Middle Region of Connecticut.

Natural scenery is intimately connected with taste, moral feeling, utility, and instruction. In no country, perhaps, is it more varied than in North America, and it constantly bears a close relation to the geological structure of the different regions. Even in so limited a country as Connecticut, there are features so widely different as hardly to escape the observation of the most negligent traveller. The greater part of this state being composed of primitive formations, exhibits the usual aspect of such countries, and is, with few exceptions, (and those relating principally to the alluvion of rivers and of the sea-shore,) hilly or mountainous.

In most parts of Connecticut, the traveller passes a succession of hills and hollows, bounded by large curves, sometimes sinking deep and rising high, so as to create great inequality of surface—ascents and descents frequently arduous; but rarely, except at fissures and chasms, exhibiting high naked precipices of rock. But, the hills and mountains are not all similar in their outline, and, in one region in particular, the physiognomy of the country is very peculiar.

At New-Haven commences the region of secondary trap or green-stone. It completely intersects the state, and the state of

Massachusetts, like a belt, and even passes to the confines of the states of Vermont and New Hampshire. Through the whole extent of this district, as in a great valley, among the ridges the Connecticut river flows, except below Middletown, near which the river passes through a barrier of primitive country, which continues uninterruptedly to the ocean, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

But the most striking circumstance to a traveller is, the peculiar physiognomy imparted to this region by the rocks. Generally, throughout the district whose boundaries have been sketched, the green-stone mountains rise in bold ridges—stretching often, league after league, in a continued line—or with occasional interruptions—or in parallel lines—or in spurs and branches. One front (and generally it is that which looks westerly), is in most instances composed of precipitous cliffs, of naked frowning rock, hoary with time, moss-grown, and tarnished by a superficial decomposition. This front is a perfect barrier, looking like an immense work of art, impassable in most places, composed frequently of ill-formed pillars* standing side by side, and receding one behind another, at different elevations, like rude stairs. These pillars terminate, at last, in a regular ridge, well defined like the top of a parapet, and crowned with trees, which at the elevation of from two or three, to seven or eight hundred feet, form a beautiful verdant fringe, often of evergreens, which is finely contrasted with the rocky barrier below. Although this is the general form of these hills, some of them are conical, or of irregular shapes; but the barrier-form is so common, that in many parts of this district the country seems divided by stupendous walls, and the eye ranges along, league after league, without perceiving an avenue, or a place of egress.

Most of the ridges are parallel, and it is when travelling at their feet, that one is most forcibly struck with their castellated appearance. In some parts of the district it is impracticable for many miles to find a passage for a road, or for a stream; and both, when they cross the direction of the ridges, are wound through narrow rocky defiles, often singularly picturesque and wild, with their lofty impending cliffs, and with their fallen ruins. Indeed, the immense masses of ruins which, both in this district and in the similar districts of other countries, are collected at the feet of the green-stone ridges, form a very striking object. Often they slope, with a very sharp declivity, half or two thirds of the way up the mountain, and terminate only at the rocky barrier; the ruins are composed of masses of every size, from that of a pebble, which may be thrown at a bird, to entire cliffs

* In some places, as on the front of Mount Holyoke, near Northampton, they are regular pillars, like those of the giant's causeway.

and pillars, of many tons weight, which, from time to time, fall, with fearful concussion, into the vallies. This kind of rocky avalanche is so common among the green-stone mountains, that it is often heard, and sometimes, in the stillness of night, by those who live in the vicinity.

ZEAL FOR CHURCHES.

In the valley of Northington we passed a beautiful new meeting-house. It is a handsome specimen of architecture, and is one of three places of public worship recently erected in this little parish, which, a short time since, had only one miserable ruinous house, situated in the midst of a forest.

I once attended public worship there on a pleasant but warm summer sabbath. The house was almost embowered in ancient forest-trees; it was smaller than many private dwelling houses—was much dilapidated by time, which had furrowed the grey unpainted shingles and clapboards with many water-worn channels, and it seemed as if it would soon fall. It was an interesting remnant of primeval New-England manners. The people, evidently agricultural, had scarcely departed from the simplicity of our early rural habits; the men were not parading in foreign broadcloth, nor the women flaunting in foreign silks and muslins; but they appeared in domestic fabrics, and both men and women were dressed with simplicity. I do not mean that there were no exceptions, but this was the general aspect of the congregation, and, from the smallness of the house, although there were pews, it seemed rather a domestic than a public religious meeting. The minister corresponded, admirably, with the appearance of the house and congregation, as far as antiquity and primeval simplicity were concerned, but he was highly respectable for understanding, and sustained even in these humble circumstances the dignity of his station. He was an old man, with hoary locks and a venerable aspect, *a man of God of other times*—a patriarchal teacher—not caring for much balanced nicety of phrase, but giving his flock wholesome food, in sound doctrine and plain speech. His prayers had that detail of petition—that specific application, both to public and private concerns, and that directness of allusion to the momentous political events of the day, and their apparent bearing upon this people, which was common among our ancestors, and especially among the first ministers, who brought with them the fervor of the times when they emigrated from England.

This aged minister is still living, but since the destruction of his ancient house, and the division of his people, he is without any particular charge; still, however, although oppressed with the infirmities of advanced life, he occasionally officiates in

public. Instead of the ancient house, there have now arisen the three pretty, modern churches.

We are not, however, to infer that increased resources, nor additional zeal for religion, has reared these edifices; it was the effect of local jealousies, as to the place, where a new house should be built, and how often, in our New-England villages, do we see this circumstance produce the same result, adding to the beauty, but, perhaps, not always to the harmony and piety of the neighbourhood.

It would be easy to give a considerable list of towns in Connecticut where two spires rise instead of one, because the people could not agree where *the one* should be placed. Happier would it be, if these separations had always been free from animosity—if they had not sometimes laid the foundation of permanent discord, and if there had been no instance of outrageous violence, and the prostration of all law and order, while people were professing only to honour their Maker, and to benefit their fellow-men. But still, who that is friendly to the best interests of mankind can fail to be gratified with the constant succession of churches and spires which he observes in Connecticut, and who would not prefer the active interest that is manifested on this subject, although attended with occasional irregularities—to that apathy which permits a land to remain without temples to the living God, and rarely salutes the ear with the sound of "the church-going bell."

Passing through a part of Canton, we arrived in a little cluster of pretty houses, handsomely situated on the Farmington River.

MANNERS OF AMERICAN INNS.

This was a part of New-Hartford, where we dined pleasantly; every thing was good, and neatly and well prepared, and we were attended by one of those comely respectable young women, (a daughter of the landlord,) who so often, in our public-houses, perform these services, without departing from the most correct, respectable, and amiable deportment.

This is a peculiarity in the manners of this country which is not at once understood by a foreigner, and especially by an Englishman. Such a person, if uninstructed in the genius of the country, almost of course presumes, that all those whom he sees in public-houses are in servile situations. If he adopt towards them an imperious and harsh manner he gives offence, and produces coldness, and possibly resentment, so that the interview ends in mutual dissatisfaction. If the traveller should write a book he, of course, enlarges on the rudeness of American manners, and it is very possible that even the servants of our

inns may give him such occasion for such remarks, if they are treated as persons of their condition commonly are in Europe. Some years since, to an Englishman emigrating to America, the obvious causes which often disgust the English and offend the Americans when the former are travelling among the latter, and especially in the smaller towns and villages, were faithfully pointed out. It was strongly recommended to him, rather to ask as a favour what he had a right to command as a duty—to treat the heads of the public-houses with marked respect, and their sons and daughters, who might be in attendance, and even the servants, with kindness and courtesy, avoiding the use of terms and epithets which might imply inferiority and servitude, to make their duties as light as possible, to manifest no unpleasant peculiarities, and to make no unreasonable demands with respect to food, wines, and cookery. He was assured, that with such a spirit he would be treated with respect and kindness—that he would be cheerfully served—that the best the house afforded would be promptly obtained for him, and should he ever visit the same house again, that he would probably be remembered and welcomed with cordiality. He must, indeed, occasionally concede something to familiarity and curiosity, but with an amiable spirit and courteous deportment he would not meet with rudeness or neglect, or have occasion to write an angry sentence concerning the Americans; and he was told, that even the familiarity and curiosity which are sometimes unpleasant, would be commonly repaid by the communication of valuable local information.

As the gentleman to whom these remarks were addressed was gay, and had been a military man, he was cautioned not to presume that *any* members of the families at the public-houses might be treated with levity, for he would find that fathers and brothers were at hand, and pecuniary considerations would be sacrificed, at once, to the respectability of the house. After this gentleman had travelled fourteen months in the United States, he came to the town where his adviser resided, and thanked him for his cautions. He said, that they had been of the greatest service to him, that he had found the predictions fully verified, and himself treated with hospitality and kindness, while he had seen others of his countrymen, pursuing an opposite deportment, meet with very unpleasant treatment, and creating both for themselves and others perpetual dissatisfaction.

RIDE TO NEW-LEBANON.

As we ascended a mountainous ridge, two miles on the road to New-Lebanon, a fine retrospect occurred. Immediately below was a spacious and deep basin, environed by mountains,

which, receding one behind another, presented, in one view, brilliant forests green, in another dark hues, almost black, and farther off, ridges and summits struggling through clouds, and mist, and rain, in obscure and gloomy grandeur. Beautifully contrasted with these, was the bright cluster of buildings in Lenox, compact, blended by perspective into one rich group, in which turrets, and Gothic pinnacles, and Grecian pillars were conspicuous, and seemed like a string of pearls, upon the brow and declivity of the hill, now sunk by comparison to one of moderate elevation.

It were in vain to attempt to describe all the fine alpine scenery which, with endless variety, was perpetually occurring and perpetually changing. Rich vallies and basins were every where mixed with the hills and mountains, on whose declivities and summits cultivation had often spread scenes of fertility and beauty.

The lofty Hoosack, with its double summit—the highest mountain in this region, appeared at a distance on our right;—on our left, the fertile vales of Richmond, a scattered agricultural town, and almost before we were aware of it, we wound our way down the steep declivity of the mountain, which bounds the south-east side of the vale of New-Lebanon. We had already passed upon our right a small village belonging to the people ludicrously called Shakers, or Shaking Quakers.

VILLAGE OF THE SHAKERS.

We did not deviate into this first settlement, because their principal establishment, in this quarter, was immediately before us, and we were indeed not fully clear of the mountain, before we found ourselves in the midst of their singular community. Their buildings are thickly planted, along a street of a mile in length. All of them are comfortable, and a considerable proportion are large. They are, almost without an exception, painted of an ochre yellow, and, although plain, they make a handsome appearance. The utmost neatness is conspicuous in their fields, gardens, court-yards, out-houses, and in the very road; not a weed, not a spot of filth, or any nuisance is suffered to exist. Their wood is cut and piled in the most exact order; their fences are perfect; even their stone-walls are constructed with great regularity, and of materials so massy, and so well arranged, that unless overthrown by force they may stand for centuries; instead of wooden posts for their gates, they have pillars of stone of one solid piece, and every thing bears the impress of labour, vigilance, and skill, with such a share of taste as is consistent with the austerities of their sect. Their orchards are beautiful, and probably no part of our country presents

finer examples of agricultural excellence. They are said to possess nearly 3000 acres of land in this vicinity. Such neatness and order I have not seen any where, on so large a scale, except in Holland, where the very necessities of existence impose order and neatness upon the whole population; but here it is voluntary.

Besides agriculture, it is well known that the Shakers occupy themselves much with mechanical employments. The productions of their industry and skill, sieves, brushes, boxes, pails and other domestic utensils, are every where exposed for sale, and are distinguished by excellence of workmanship. Their garden-seeds are celebrated for goodness, and find a ready market. They have many gardens, but there is a principal one of several acres which I am told exhibits superior cultivation.

Their females are employed in domestic manufactures and house-work, and the community is fed and clothed by its own productions.

The property is all in common. The avails of the general industry are poured into the treasury of the whole; individual wants are supplied from a common magazine, or store-house, which is kept for each family, and ultimately, the elders invest the gains in land and buildings, or sometimes in money, or other personal property, which is held for the good of the society.

It seems somewhat paradoxical to speak of a family where the relation upon which it is founded is unknown. But still, the Shakers are assembled in what they *call* families, which consist of little collections, (more or less numerous according to the size of the house) of males and females, who occupy separate apartments, under the same roof, eat at separate tables, but mix occasionally for society, labour, or worship. There is a male and a female head to the family, who superintend all their concerns—give out their provisions—allot their employments, and enforce industry and fidelity.

The numbers in this village, as we were informed by one of the male members, are about 500, but there are said to be 1500 including other villages in this vicinity. Their numbers are sustained by voluntary additions, and by proselyting. Poor and ignorant people, in the vicinity, and on the neighbouring mountains in particular, are allured, it is said, by kindness and presents, to join the society; and destitute widows frequently come in, with their children, and unite themselves to this community. Where a comfortable subsistence for life, a refuge for old age, and for infancy and childhood, the reputation (at least with the order) of piety, and the promise of heaven are held out to view, it is no wonder that the ignorant, the poor, the bereaved, the

deserted, the unhappy, the superstitious, the cynical, and even the whimsical, should occasionally swell the numbers of the Shakers.

Their house of public worship is painted white, and is a neat building, which in its external appearance would not be disreputable to any sect.

Their worship, which I did not have an opportunity of seeing, is said to be less extravagant than formerly; their dancing is still practised, but with more moderation, and for a good many years they have ceased to dance naked, which was formerly practised, and even with persons of different sexes. Their elders exercise a very great influence over the minds of the young people. The latter believe (as I was assured by a respectable inhabitant of New-Lebanon, but not a Shaker) that the former hold a direct and personal intercourse with Christ and the Apostles, and that the elders possess the power of inspecting their very thoughts, and their most secret actions. Perhaps this will account for the reputed purity of the Shakers, for whatever may be imagined, it does not appear that any scandalous offences do now occur among them, or, at least, that they are brought to light, and it must be allowed that if they were frequent, they could not be concealed.

They profess, it is said, to believe, that Christ has already appeared the second time on the earth, in the person of their great leader mother Ann Lee, and that the saints are now judging the world.

They have no literature among them, nor do we hear that they are ever joined by people of enlightened minds. We met a party of children apparently coming from school, and I enquired of a Shaker, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance, whether the children belonged to the Society; he answered in the affirmative: "But," I replied, "how is that, since you do not have children of your own? Are these children the offspring of parents who after becoming such, have joined your society, and brought their children with them?"—"Yea," was the answer, with a very drawling and prolonged utterance, and at the same time there was a slight faultering of the muscles of his face, as if he were a little disposed to smile. The children were dressed in a plain costume, as the whole society are.

This singular people took their rise in England, nearly half a century ago, and the settlement at New-Lebanon is of more than forty years standing. They first emigrated to America in the year 1774, under Ann Lee, a niece of the celebrated General Charles Lee, who made a distinguished figure during the American war. The order, neatness, comfort, and thrift,

which are conspicuous among them, are readily accounted for, by their industry, economy, self-denial, and devotion to their leaders, and to the common interest, all of which are religious duties among them, and the very fact that they are, for the most part, not burdened with the care of children, leaves them greatly at liberty to follow their occupations without interruption.*

But—where is the warrant, either in reason or in scripture, by which whole communities (not here and there individuals peculiarly situated,) withdraw themselves from the most interesting and important of the social relations—from the tender charities of husband and wife—from the delightful assiduities of parental love—from that relation on which society stands, and on which, as on a fruitful stock, is grafted every personal and domestic virtue, and every hope, both for this world and a better.†

By what right are they empowered to recruit their ranks, thinned from time to time by death, by drawing upon the social world, whose obedience to the first law of God and nature they condemn, while they are dependant upon it both for their own existence as individuals, and for the continuance of their own unnatural community; however commendable they may be for their industrious, moral, and humane deportment, the principle of their association is, in my opinion, deserving of severe reprobation. But, happily, their example is very little in danger of general imitation; mankind will not, generally, be persuaded to go on a crusade, or to suffer martyrdom, in the cause of celibacy, and I believe it will be long ere the world, according to their expectation, is all reformed by becoming a generation of Shakers, for this they say will constitute the Millenium. Poor human nature—of what is it not capable—what absurdity!—

* They have another collection of houses in the vicinity, where I was told they place offending members, who, being under discipline, are, for the time, excluded from the community, and whom they style *backsliders;* they designate them by saying, "they are *out of the gift.*" I am told that they are not offended by being called Shakers, and do not regard it as an opprobrious epithet. Indeed, I have never heard of a milder or more respectable name, by which they either are called, or even wish to be.

† More is not here attributed to the institution of marriage than it deserves; for, to try the question, we must ask, not what is the condition of, here and there, a convent or a monastery, or of a few clusters of Shakers, protected as they are by society, *founded on marriage*, and drawing their recruits from the offspring of its virtuous affections. We must inquire what would be the condition of the world were the institution of marriage *entirely abolished?* It is obvious, that it would soon become the *universal* theatre of crimes, of every description, which are now only *occasional*, and that *no one solitary* virtue could possibly spring up, or be cherished. Piety itself, could it exist in such a state of things, must (if such paradoxical language can be admitted,) necessarily become exclusively selfish; and, indeed, it could find no refuge except in absolute seclusion in the dens and caves of the earth.

what impiety! (I had almost said) is there, which it has not sanctioned with the name of religion.

As the Shakers are not now a new people, and as their most prominent peculiarities are well known, I am not disposed to dwell with much minuteness on a subject in which I confess I have very little complacency; a few particulars more may, however, be added.

They rarely publish any thing respecting their own principles and habits, and we are indebted chiefly to those who have seceded from their community, for the more precise information which we possess respecting them.

Among various publications of this nature—"An account of the people called Shakers, their faith, doctrines and practice, &c. by Thomas Brown," who was, for several years, a member of their society, is probably one of the best. It has every appearance of being written with candor and truth, and although an unpolished performance exhibits considerable ability.

If this book be considered a fair account of the Shakers, it is manifest, that notwithstanding all the commendation to which they are entitled, for their moral virtues and their habits of order, industry, and economy, they are the subjects of the wildest fanaticism, and of the most degrading superstition. If it be idolatry and blasphemy to pronounce a woman, of at least questionable character, to be the Saviour of the world, at his second coming, and thus, in the person of this woman, to blend the attributes of the Son of God with at least occasional drunkenness, it will be very difficult to acquit the Shakers of these crimes.* I am aware of the ignorance of many of these people, and am not disposed to doubt that there is real piety among them, any more than I am to deny that industry, sobriety, economy, and occasional humanity, are conspicuous traits of their characters. They have, however, been known to act in a very inhuman manner, in separating and alienating children from parents, and

* I here allude to Ann Lee. She was born in Manchester, about the year 1735, and became the wife of Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith, who proved unkind and intemperate. Having been peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of eight infants, owing principally to very severe personal sufferings, during a dangerous crisis, which, at last, had nearly proved fatal, she renounced marriage, declaring it to have been the great original sin, and thus became the leader of the Shakers. They had before practised marriage, but from this time (1771) they have renounced it. Ann Lee, (now called mother Ann, because she was considered as the spiritual mother of her disciples) claimed the gift of languages, of healing, of discovering the secrets of the heart, of being actuated by the invisible power of God, of sinless perfection, and of immediate revelations. Mr. Brown says, however, of mother Ann, that she sometimes drank spirituous liquors to intoxication, pronouncing them *one of God's good creatures.* She died at Niskeuna in 1784. In what estimation

in severing the other dearest ties of our common nature, for the purpose of building up their own sect.

The conclusion of Mr. Brown's book contains the following summary of facts respecting them. Speaking of their conversion he says:—"After a number have believed, the next principal labour of the leaders is to gather them into a united interest and order. They assemble every sabbath in their public meeting-house.

They walk to the meeting-house, in order, two and two, and leave it in the same order. Men enter the left-hand door of the meeting-house, and women the right-hand. In each dwelling-house is a room called the meeting-room, in which they assemble for worship every evening; the young believers assemble morning and evening, and, in the afternoon of the sabbath, they all assemble in one of these rooms, in their dwelling-house, to which meeting spectators, or those who do not belong to the society, are not admitted, except friendly visitors. Their houses are well calculated and convenient.

In the great house at Lebanon there are near one hundred; the men live in their several apartments on the right, as they enter into the house, and the women on the left, commonly four in a room. They kneel in the morning by the side of the bed, as soon as they arise, and the same before they lie down; also before and after every meal. The brethren and sisters generally eat at the same time at two long tables placed in the kitchen, men at one, and women at the other; during which time they sit on benches and are all silent. They go to their meals walking in order, one directly after the other; the head of the family or elder takes the lead of the men, and one called elder sister takes the lead of the women. Several women are employed in cooking and waiting on the table—they are commonly relieved weekly by others. It is contrary to order for a man or woman to sleep alone, but two of the brethren sleep together, and the sisters the same. It is contrary to order for a man to be alone

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she was held by her followers, may be learned from the following, (must we not say) *blasphemous* lines, taken from different hymns of the Shakers:

"Christ's second coming was in mother Ann—
"We bless our dear mother the chief corner-stone
"Which God laid in Zion his anointed one;
"Let names, and sects, and parties
"Accost my ears no more;
"My ever blessed mother,
"For ever I'll adore.
"Appointed by kind heaven,
"My Saviour to reveal;
"She was the Lord's anointed,
"To shew the root of sin," &c. &c.

with a woman, also to touch one another. If a man presents any thing to a female, or a female to a male, due care must be taken by each one not to touch the other. It is contrary to order for a woman to walk out alone, or to be alone. A man and woman are not allowed to converse together, except in the presence of some of the brethren and sisters. They sometimes have what they call union meetings, when several of the brethren and sisters meet together, sit and converse, and smoke their pipes. If a man is on the road alone from home, in a carriage, it is contrary to order for him to admit a woman to ride with him on any account whatever. It is contrary to order, or the gift as they call it, to leave any bars down, or gates open, or leave any thing they use out of its proper place, consequently they seldom have any thing lost. It is according to the gift or order, for all to endeavour to keep all things in order; indolence and carelessness they say is directly opposite to the gospel and order of God: cleanliness in every respect is strongly enforced—it is contrary to order even to spit on the floor. A dirty, careless, slovenly, or indolent person they say cannot travel in the way of God, or be religious. It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to rap at a door for admittance, or to make a noise in any respect; even when walking the floor, they must be careful not to make a noise with their feet. They go to bed at nine or ten o'clock, and rise at four or five; all that are in health go to work about sun-rise, in-door mechanics, in the winter, work by candlelight; each one follows such an employment as the deacon appoints for him. Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily and moderately. When any are sick they have the utmost care and attention paid to them. When a man is sick, if there is a woman among the sisters, who was his wife before he believed, she, if in health, nurses and waits upon him. If any of them transgress the rules and orders of the church, they are not held in union until they confess their transgression, and that often on their knees, before the brethren and sisters.

Each church in the different settlements has a house, called the office, where all business is transacted either among themselves or with other people; each family deposit in the office all that is to be spared for charitable purposes, which is distributed by the deacon to those whom he judges to be proper objects of charity. He never sends the poor and needy empty away.

Mr. Brown is of opinion that they will not "soon become extinct." "Their general character" (he adds,) "of honesty in their temporal concerns, and their outward deportment and order being such, that many may be induced to join them; and as industry and frugality are two great points in their religion,

it is likely they will become a rich people." In proof of his opinion he remarks:—"See the once uncultivated wilderness waste of Niskeuna, and other places now turned into fruitful fields;—see their neat public edifices towering amidst the surrounding elegance and neatness of their more private habitations;—see their ability in their munificent donations to the poor in New-York;————judging of their future prosperity from their present flourishing state, and from their being a much more orderly people, (than formerly) it is possible they may increase in number and acquire a prevailing influence in the future destinies of this country."

NEW-LEBANON MINERAL SPRING.

THIS is a very remarkable fountain. Unlike most mineral waters, it issues from a high hill; the water boils up, in a space of ten feet wide by three and a half deep; it is perfectly pellucid, so that a pin's head might be seen on the bottom of the spring; gas, in abundance, issues from the pebbles and sand, and keeps the water in constant and pleasing agitation; the fountain is very copious, more so by far than any spring that I have seen, except the springs at Bath in England; the water discharged amounts to eighteen barrels in a minute, and not only supplies the baths very copiously, simply by running down-hill to them, but, in the same manner, it feeds several mills, and turns the water-wheels with sufficient power. Owing to its high temperature it does not congeal in winter, which gives it a great advantage for moving machinery. The quantity of water is constant, and varies not perceptibly in any season—so is its temperature, which is seventy-three degrees of Fahrenheit. This temperature, so near the summer heat, makes it truly a thermal water, and causes a copious cloud of condensed vapour to hang over the fountain, whenever the air is cold. There is no film to be seen upon the water, it apparently deposits nothing by standing, but in the course of time there collects in its channel an earthy or stony deposit, which eventually becomes copious and hard. This deposit is rapidly made in the tea-kettles, which are speedily incrusted, and their throats choaked by it; it is of a white colour, and its origin can scarcely be a subject of wonder, since the fountain issues from a hill of limestone.

The water is perfectly tasteless and inodorous, very soft, does not curdle soap, is used for all culinary and domestic purposes, is acceptable to animals, which drink at the stream that flows in a rivulet down the hill, and apparently differs little from very pure mountain water, except by its remarkable temperature; that of the contiguous springs in the same hill is as low as that of any mountain springs, about fifty degrees.

It is found to be very useful in salt rheums, and various other cutaneous affections, in some troublesome internal obstructions, &c. It augments the appetite and sometimes acts as a cathartic. The bath, if used without previously guarding the stomach by a draught of the water, sometimes produces sickness at the stomach.

We know that this spring has flowed, thus hot, more than two thousand years; what is the cause? There are no relics of volcanoes here, nor other marks of subterranean heat, except those afforded by the water itself.

SCENERY OF NEW-LEBANON.

HAD this remarkable place been situated in Europe, tourists would have pronounced its panegyric, and poets would have made it famous, as Windsor or Richmond-hill, or as the little Isle in Loch Katrin.

Few places have fallen within my observation which combine both the grand and the beautiful, in a higher degree, than the basin of New-Lebanon. Embosomed in mountains, (at this time capped with dark clouds,) which, with their lofty and apparently impassable barriers, seem to shut it out from the rest of the world, verdant and beautiful in its slopes, and in the plain by which they are terminated, and exhibiting a village, with a handsome church and steeple in the bottom of the basin, it powerfully brought to my recollection the valley of Castleton, in the Peak of Derbyshire. Between the two, there is certainly a striking resemblance, but with some points of disparity.

The Derbyshire mountains are more lofty, and, of course, more grand; those of New-Lebanon, while they are cultivated, in some places to their summits, are also extensively crowned with forests, while the Derbyshire mountains are naked as a hillock, shorn by the scythe. The New-Lebanon scenery resembles also that in the vicinity of the celebrated springs of Bath, in England.

At New-Lebanon, the principal lodging-house is situated on the slope of one of the high hills, and near its summit. The view from the gallery, in the front of this house, is very fine, and much resembles that from the Crescent at Bath; from the latter you see a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, highly cultivated and verdant, and possessing more wood than is common in England; but the view at Bath, although, perhaps, more beautiful from cultivation, is less extensive, and less magnificent and grand, than that at New-Lebanon.

On the side of the New-Lebanon basin, opposite to the spring, at the distance of two miles and an half, upon the declivity of the mountain, and near its base, is the Shaker's village, which,

with its green fields and neat houses, is a pleasing object in the outline of the picture. Nearer still, (as I have already remarked,) and in the very bottom of the basin, is the handsome village of New-Lebanon, composed of neat white houses, and a pretty church with a spire; and all around are the grand slopes of mountains which limit the view on every side, and present fields, woods, and rocks, and bold ridges, upon which the clouds often repose.

Bristol spring in England is surrounded by the fine scenery of the Avon, and the romantic rock of St. Vincent impends over it, with a good degree of grandeur, but even this scene is very limited compared with that of New-Lebanon; and when at the Bristol-spring, the observer is in a deep channel, by the side of the river, and shut out completely from all prospect. From the top of St. Vincent's rock, and from every part of Clifford, and the other eminences around Bristol, and indeed from the upper-street of the town itself, there are the finest views.

The famous springs at Ballston and Saratoga are situated in disagreeable low bottoms, with scarcely any advantages of scenery, and with no attractions, except those presented by the medicinal powers of the waters, by good cheer, and by genteel company; the first of these advantages is very great, and those springs are, without doubt, one of the greatest natural bounties of heaven to this country. The other two may be enjoyed at New-Lebanon, where we found pleasant company, and a house extremely comfortable in every thing except the beds, which were very hard.

For those who wish to enjoy fine rural scenery, bold, picturesque, and beautiful, with the best mountain air, and such advantages to health as this copious fountain presents, nothing can be better in its kind than New-Lebanon. Its waters must be admirable for bathing.

New-Lebanon spring is twelve miles from Lenox and seventy from Hartford, and is just within the limits of the State of New-York, and very near both the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut. A stone, similar to a mile-stone, denoting the boundary-line between the states of Massachusetts and New-York, occurs on the slope of the mountain, as we descend toward the village of the Shakers.

In the valley of New-Lebanon there is a family vault, which struck us on entering the village. It is a neat cemetery, covered by a high mound; a marble-table lies on the top, and (what constitutes its singularity) it has a flag-staff, similar to those in forts; we supposed it must be a mausoleum for some military man, but we were informed that it was the vault of a private

family, of the name of Hand, and that whenever any member of the family dies, a black flag is hoisted on the flag-staff.

ALBANY.

ALBANY contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and is the second city in the State (we might almost say empire,) of New-York. Its latitude is 42 degrees 38 minutes, N.; it is 160 miles from New-York, and 164 from Boston. It rises, for the most part, rapidly from the river, and exhibits a very handsome appearance from the Greenbush side. The greater part of the population, however, is on the flat ground, immediately contiguous to the river, where the Dutch, who founded the town, first commenced building, agreeably to their established habits in Holland. Instances are innumerable, where people continue from habit, what was at first begun from necessity, and this seems to have been the fact in the present case. The town extends about two miles north and south, on the river, and, in the widest part, nearly one mile east and west. It is perfectly compact, closely built, and, as far as it extends, has the appearance of a great city. It has numerous streets, lanes, and alleys, and in all of them there is the same closeness of building, and the same city-like appearance.

The principal streets, and especially Market, State, and Pearl streets, are spacious, and the houses, in general, are handsome and commodious; many are large, and a few are splendid. State-street is very wide, and rises rapidly from the river, up a considerably steep hill. The capitol stands at the head of it. This is a large and handsome building of stone,* furnished with good rooms for the government and courts of law; in the decorations and furniture of some of these apartments, there is a good degree of elegance, and even some splendor. There is also a State Library, just begun; it does not yet contain 1000 volumes, but they are well selected, and a fund of 500 dollars per annum is provided for its increase, besides 3000 dollars granted by the legislature to commence the collection.

The view from the Balcony of the capitol is rich and magnificent: the mountains of Vermont and of the Catskill are the most distant objects, and the banks of the river are very beautiful, on account of the fine verdure and cultivation, and of the numerous pretty eminences which bound its meadows.

* I could not but regret that the tessellated marble pavement of the vestibule, otherwise very handsome, was shamefully dirtied by tobacco-spittle: such a thing would not be suffered in Europe. It is, however, unfortunately, only a sample of the too general treatment of public buildings and places in the United States, and constitutes no *peculiar* topic of reproach in this instance; but it is particularly offensive in so fine a building.

The Academy of Albany, situated on the Capitol Hill, is a noble building, of Jersey free-stone. Although it has (as stated to me by Dr. B——) cost 90,000 dollars, only the lower rooms are finished. Schools are, however, maintained in it for nearly 200 children, and it is prosperous, under the able direction of Dr. T. R. Beck, and of several assistant teachers.

This Institution was erected at the expence of the city of Albany, and is honourable to its munificence, although a plainer building, which, when completely finished, would have cost much less money, would probably have been equally useful, and might have left them, out of their 90,000 dollars, a handsome fund, in addition to what they now possess.

There is a large and convenient brick building for a Lancasterian school, but I did not go into it.

Among the interesting things of Albany is the seat of the late General Schuyler, situated quite in the country, at the south end of the town. It is memorable, principally, from its *historical* associations. It was the seat of vast hospitality and the resort of the great men of the revolution.

Even General Burgoyne, with his principal officers, was lodged and entertained there after his surrender, although he had devastated General Schuyler's beautiful estate at Saratoga, and burned his fine country seat.

The house of the late General Schuyler is spacious, and in its appearance venerable; it has, long since, passed away from the family, and is now possessed by a furrier.

At the opposite, or northern extremity of Albany, and almost equally in the country, is situated the seat of the patroon, General Stephen Van Rensselaer. It is well known, that he possessed a vast patrimonial estate of forty miles square, lying in the vicinity of Albany, which has descended, unbroken, from his early American ancestors. Such a phenomenon, in a republican country, is very remarkable, and cannot fail, in spite of our early prejudices and the strong bias of national feelings, to excite a degree of admiration, if not of veneration. We are still more disposed to indulge these feelings, when we find the hereditary possession of such wealth, associated with distinguished excellence, in public and private life, with the most amiable and unassuming manners, and with a princely, although discriminating liberality.

The house (which was built by the father of the present patroon,) is a palace. It stands on the flat ground by the river, and looks down Market-street, which here terminates abruptly. The house has in the rear nothing but green fields and beautiful rural scenes. It is embowered in groves and shrubbery, and reminded me powerfully of some of the fine villas in Holland, to

which, both in situation and appearance, it bears a strong resemblance.

Among the gentry and professional and literary men of Albany, there are individuals of distinguished eminence. But eminent men, of our own time and country, are rather too near for much minuteness of delineation. Were it not for the restraint thus imposed by delicacy, it would be a task, by no means ungrateful, to draw likenesses from the life, and to exhibit the combined effect of talent, learning, and social virtues. An American in Europe is free from this embarrassment, and should he there discover a mind of amazing vigour and activity—always glowing, always on the wing, replete with various and extensive knowledge, flowing out in the most rapid, ardent, and impressive eloquence, while simplicity and familiarity of manners were associated with a high-minded integrity, and independence, he would fearlessly pronounce the possessor of such qualities an original and captivating man.

Albany is the great thoroughfare and resort of the vast western regions of the state: its streets are very bustling; it is said 2000 waggons sometimes pass up and down State-street in a day; it must hereafter become a great inland city.

It stands near the head of a sloop navigation and of tide water: sloops of eighty tons come up to the town, besides the steamboats of vastly greater tonnage, but of a moderate draught of water.

In addition to the public buildings that have been already mentioned, Albany has a city-hall, a jail, an alms-house, a state arsenal, two market-houses, four banks, a museum, eleven houses of public worship, and a public library containing about 4000 volumes.*

The private library of Chancellor Kent does honour to him and to learning. It contains between two and three thousand volumes of choice books. The collection on jurisprudence embraces not only the English, but the civil and French law. It contains Latin, Greek, English, and French Classics—belles lettres—history—biography—travels, and books in most branches of human learning. The numerous manuscript remarks and annotations, on the blank leaves and margins of the books, evince that they are not a mere pageant, and at a future day will form some of the most interesting of our literary relics.

The situation of Albany is salubrious, and eminently happy, in relation to the surrounding country, which is populous and fertile. No one can estimate the importance of the regions west, which, in their progressive increase, and aided by the stupen-

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

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dous canal, now in progress, must pour a great part of their treasures through this channel.

Albany has been memorable in American history. It was the rendezvous, and the point of departure, for most of those armies, which, whether sent by the mother-country, or, raised by the colonies themselves, for the conquest of the Gallo-American dominions, and of the savages, so often, during the middle periods of the last century, excited, and more than once, disappointed the hopes of the empire. It was scarcely less conspicuous in the same manner, during the war of the revolution and during the late war with Great Britain. Few places, on this side of the Atlantic, have seen more of martial array, or heard more frequently the dreadful "note of preparation." Still, (except perhaps in some of the early contests, with the Aborigines) it has never seen an enemy; a hostile army has never encamped before it; nor have its women and children ever seen "the smoke of an enemy's camp."

More than once, however, has a foreign enemy, after fixing his destination for Albany, been either arrested, and turned back in his career, or visited the desired spot in captivity and disgrace.

The French invasions from Canada never came nearer than Schenectady.* In 1777, the portentous advances of the British armies from Quebec, and of the British fleets and armies, from New-York, threatening a junction at Albany, and filling the new States with alarm, and the Cabinet of St. James with premature exultation, made a most signal discomfiture.

Albany was the seat of the great convention, held in 1754, for the purpose of bringing about a confederation of the Colonies, for their mutual defence and general benefit, and it has been signalized, by not a few other meetings, for momentous public purposes.

We passed a part of three days in Albany, and were not without strong inducements to protract our stay. The public-houses are excellent, affording every accommodation and comfort, with that quiet and retirement, and that prompt civility, so commonly found in English inns, and which, until within a few years, were so rare in those of America. Polished and enlightened society, and the courtesies of hospitality held out still stronger attractions, but our allotments of time did not permit us to remain any longer, and we hastened to set our faces towards the British dominions.

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* In 1690, Schenectady was suddenly assaulted, in the night, by the French and Indians, and its miserable inhabitants either massacred, or dragged, in the depth of winter, into captivity.

BANKS OF THE HUDSON, ABOVE ALBANY.

We determined to go by Whitehall, as we wished to avail ourselves of the rapid and comfortable conveyance to the confines of Canada, now established on Lake Champlain. Being unwilling, however, to pass rapidly by, or entirely to avoid, all the interesting objects on the road, we adopted such an arrangement as might permit us to take the banks of the Hudson and Lake George in our route. Indeed, from Albany, upon the course proposed, every part of our way was to be over *classical ground.* History sheds a deeper interest over no portion of the North-American States. He who venerates the virtues and the valour, and commiserates the sufferings of our fathers, and he who views, with gratitude and reverence, the deliverances which heaven has wrought for this land, will tread with awe on every foot of ground between Albany and the northern lakes.

We were obliged, on this occasion, to deny ourselves a visit to Schenectady, and its rising literary institution, and to the waters of Ballston and Saratoga. Leaving them therefore to the left, we proceeded along the banks of the Hudson, principally on the western shore.

This is a charming ride. The road is very good, and absolutely without a hill; the river, often placid and smooth, but sometimes disturbed by a rocky bottom, is almost constantly in sight, and flows through beautiful meadows, which are commonly bounded, at small distances from the Hudson, by verdant hills of moderate height and gentle declivity. The strata of rocks are, almost invariably, the transition slate. They present scarcely any variety. The direction of the strata is so nearly that of the river, that they form but an inconsiderable angle with it; they often protrude their edges into view, because they have a very high inclination to the horizon, apparently about forty-five deg.,* or, perhaps in some instances, a few degrees less. The rock is easily broken up, and reduced to small fragments; and therefore forms an excellent material for the roads. The banks of the river frequently present a natural barrier, formed by the same kind of rock. Nearly six miles from Albany, we crossed the river into Troy.

SINGULAR HORSE FERRY-BOAT.

The ferry-boat is of most singular construction. A platform covers a wide flat boat. Underneath the platform, there is a large horizontal solid wheel, which extends to the sides of the boat; and there the platform, or deck, is cut through, and re-

* I had no opportunity to judge, except by the eye, as we rode along.

moved, so as to afford sufficient room for two horses to stand on the flat surface of the wheel, one horse on each side, and parallel to the gunwale of the boat. The horses are harnessed in the usual manner for teams—the whiffle-trees being attached to stout iron-bars, fixed horizontally, at a proper height, into posts, which are a part of the fixed portion of the boat. The horses look in opposite directions, one to the bow and the other to the stern; their feet take hold of channels, or grooves, cut in the wheels, in the direction of radii; they press forward, and, although they advance not, any more than a squirrel in a revolving-cage, or than a spit-dog at his work, their feet cause the horizontal wheel to revolve, in a direction opposite to that of their own apparent motion; this, by a connection of cogs, moves two verticle wheels, one on each wing of the boat, and these, being constructed like the paddle-wheels of steam-boats, produce the same effect, and propel the boat forward. The horses are covered by a roof, furnished with curtains, to protect them in bad weather; and do not appear to labour harder than common draft-horses with a heavy load.

The inventor of this boat is Mr. Langdon, of Whitehall, and it claims the important advantages of simplicity, cheapness, and effect. At first view, the labour appears like a hardship upon the horses, but probably this is an illusion, as it seems very immaterial to their comfort, whether they advance with their load, or cause the basis, on which they labour, to recede.

TROY, LANSINGBURGH, AND WATERFORD.

Troy, six miles north of Albany, is a beautiful city, handsomely built, and regularly laid out; its appearance is very neat; it stands principally on the flat ground, by the Hudson; contains 5000 inhabitants, a court-house, jail, market-house, and two banks, a public library, a Lancasterian school, and five places of public worship. It has an intelligent and polished population, and a large share of wealth. A number of its gentlemen have discovered their attachment to science, by the institution of a Lyceum of Natural History, which, fostered by the activity, zeal, and intelligence of its members, and of its lecturer, Mr. Eaton, promises to be a public benefit, and to elevate the character of the place.

Near it, on the opposite side of the river, are extensive and beautiful barracks, belonging to the United States, with a large park of artillery. Below the town, are fine mill-seats, on which are already established several important manufactures, for which kind of employments, Troy appears very favourably situated. Small sloops come up to this town, which, for size, and importance, is the third or fourth in the state.

We had to regret that the arrangements of our journey did not permit us to pass as much time in Troy, as, under other circumstances, would have been both useful and agreeable.

Lansingburgh, through which we passed, three miles north of Troy, is inferior to it in the number and quality of its buildings. Its population is not far from 2000. It is a large and handsome settlement, situated, principally, on one street, and has an academy, a bank, and four* places of public worship. Sloops come up to this place, and it enjoys a considerable trade.

It was formerly more flourishing than at present. Troy has, for a good many years, gained the pre-eminence, and seems likely to retain it.

Waterford is a pretty village, of 1000 inhabitants, and stands on the western bank of the Hudson, at its confluence with the Mohawk, where several islands, producing the appearance of several mouths, give diversity to a very beautiful scene. It is ten miles north of Albany. From the Lansingburgh side, we crossed into it, over a commodious bridge. The name of this place was formerly Half-Moon Point. It is memorable, as having been the most southern point to which the American army, under General Schuyler, retreated, before the then victorious General Burgoyne. In the contiguous islands, in the mouth of the Mohawk, they took their stand, and were preparing to form a camp so strong, that their enemy would not be able to force it. This was in August, 1777. On the 19th of that month, General Schuyler was superseded in command by General Gates. Colonel Morgan's regiment of riflemen, dispatched from the main army by General Washington, arrived on the 23d; and on the 8th of September, the army again turned northward, and marched to Stillwater, to face General Burgoyne. From this place, therefore, we are to pass over the most interesting scenes of that campaign.

We had so arranged our journey as to lodge at Stillwater, and we were even desirous to stay in the very house, which in the plans, accompanying General Burgoyne's "State of the Expedition from Canada," is called "Swords' house."

This small house, which is still in tolerable repair, and is now kept as a tavern, was, for some time, the British head-quarters and hospital, and was rendered very memorable by the events which happened in and near it.

We arrived, at night-fall, in the midst of a hard rain; obtained the refreshments we needed, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. Willing to arrest the impressions of the moment, I wrote down such thoughts as the scene suggested.

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* Worcester's Gazetteer.

SWORDS' HOUSE AT STILLWATER—*Ten o'clock at night.*

We are now on memorable ground. Here much precious blood was shed, and now, in the silence and solitude of a very dark and rainy night—the family asleep, and nothing heard but the rain and the Hudson, gently murmuring along, I am writing in the very house, and my table stands on the very spot in the room where General Frazer breathed his last, on the 8th of October, 1777.

He was mortally wounded in the last of the two desperate battles fought on the neighbouring heights, and, in the midst of the conflict, was brought to this house by the soldiers. Before me lies one of the bullets shot on that occasion; they are often found in ploughing the battle-field.

Blood is asserted, by the people of the house, to have been visible here, on the floor, till a very recent period.

General Frazer was high in command in the British army, and was almost idolized by them; they had the utmost confidence in his skill and valour, and that the Americans entertained a similar opinion of him, is sufficiently evinced by the following anecdote, related to me at Ballston Springs, in 1797, by the Hon. Richard Brent, then a member of Congress, from Virginia,* who derived the fact from General Morgan's own mouth.

In the battle of October the 7th, the last pitched battle that was fought between the two armies, General Frazer, mounted on an iron-grey horse, was very conspicuous. He was all activity, courage, and vigilance, riding from one part of his division to another, and animating the troops by his example. Wherever he was present, every thing prospered, and, when confusion appeared in any part of the line, order and energy were restored by his arrival.

Colonel Morgan,† with his Virginia riflemen, was immediately opposed to Frazer's division of the army.

It had been concerted, before the commencement of the battle, that while the New-Hampshire and the New-York troops attacked the British left, Colonel Morgan, with his regiment of Virginia riflemen, should make a circuit so as to come upon the British right, and attack them there. In this attempt he was favoured by a woody hill, to the foot of which the British right extended. When the attack commenced on the British left, "true to his purpose, Morgan, at this critical moment,

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* Since deceased.

† Afterwards General Morgan—the hero of the battle of the Cowpens, and distinguished, through the whole war, by a series of the most important services.

poured down, like a torrent from the hill, and attacked the right of the enemy in front and flank."* The right wing soon made a movement to support the left, which was assailed with increased violence, and while executing this movement, General Frazer received his mortal wound.

In the midst of this sanguinary battle, Colonel Morgan took a few of his best riflemen aside; men in whose fidelity, and fatal precision of aim, he could repose the most perfect confidence, and said to them: "that gallant officer is General Frazer; I admire and respect him, *but it is necessary that he should die*—take your stations in that wood, and do your duty." Within a few moments General Frazer fell, mortally wounded.†

How far such personal designation is justifiable, has often been questioned, but those who vindicate war at all, contend, that to shoot a distinguished officer, and thus to accelerate the conclusion of a bloody battle, operates to save lives, and that it is, morally, no worse to kill an illustrious than an obscure individual; a Frazer, than a common soldier; a Nelson,‡ than a common sailor. But, there is something very revolting to humane feelings, in a mode of warfare which converts its ordinary chances into a species of military execution. Such instances were, however, frequent during the campaign of General Burgoyne; and his aid, Sir Francis Clark, and many other British officers, were victims of American marksmanship.

The Baroness Reidesel, the lady of Major-general the Baron Reidesel, in some very interesting letters of hers, published at Berlin, in 1800, and in part republished in translation, in Wilkinson's Memoirs, states that she, with her three little children, (for she had, with this tender charge, followed the fortunes of her husband, across the Atlantic, and through the horrors of the campaign) occupied this house, which was the only refuge within protection of the British army. The rooms which it contained remain, to this day, as they then were, although some other rooms have been since added.

The house stood at that time, perhaps 100 yards from the river, at the foot of the hill; it was afterwards removed to the road side, close by the river, where it now stands.

The baroness, with her little children, occupied the room in which we took tea, and General Frazer, when brought in wounded, was laid in the other room. In fact, as it was the

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* Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 268.

† He was supported on his horse by two officers, till he reached his tent: he said that he saw the man who shot him, that he was a rifleman, and posted in a tree.

‡ Nelson was killed by a sharp-shooter from the tops of the Santissima Trinidada.

only shelter that remained standing, it was soon converted into a hospital, and many other wounded and dying officers were brought to this melancholy refuge.

Thus a refined and delicate lady, educated in all the elegance of affluence and of elevated rank, with her little children, was compelled to witness the agonies of bleeding and dying men, among whom, some of her husband's and of her own particular friends expired before her eyes. She imparted to them of her few remaining comforts and soothed them by offices of kindness. This distinguished lady was not without female companions, who shared her distresses, or felt with keenness their own misfortunes. Among them was Lady Harriet Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland, who commanded the British grenadiers. Every thing that has been said of the Baroness Reidesel will apply to her. News came, from time to time, from the heights, that one officer and another was killed, among the rest that Major Ackland was desperately wounded, and a prisoner with the enemy.

Major, (called, in General Burgoyne's Narrative, Colonel) Ackland, had been wounded in the battle of Hubberton, but had recovered, and resumed the command of the grenadiers. He was wounded, the second time, in the battle of October 7, and found by General (then Colonel) Wilkinson, who gives the following interesting statement of the occurrence:*—"With the troops, I pursued the hard-pressed flying enemy, passing over killed and wounded, until I heard one exclaim, 'protect me, Sir, against this boy.' Turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honour to command the grenadiers:' of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place, on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was deposited here, to save the lives of both.†

"I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded; 'not badly,' replied this gallant

* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 271.

† Anbury relates (Travels, vol. i. p. 394,) that after Ackland was deposited by Captain Shrimpton, he offered fifty guineas to the grenadiers, who were flying by him, if any one of them would convey him into camp; that a very stout grenadier undertook it, but being overtaken by the Americans, both were made prisoners. Anbury's book, however, although it contains many interesting occurrences, which, so far as they are stated, on his own knowledge are probably related with correctness—is evidently a *made up* work, and what is curious enough, many pages of it, and by far the most important parts, are taken, almost verbatim, from General Burgoyne's "State of the Expedition from Canada"—although that work was not published till three years after Anbury's letters are dated.

and accomplished gentleman, 'but very inconveniently, I am shot through both legs; will you, Sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?' I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his (the servant's) seat, and ordered him to be conducted to head-quarters."

Two other ladies, who were in the same house with Madam Reidesel, received news, the one, that her husband was wounded, and the other, that hers was slain; and the Baroness herself expected every moment to hear similar tidings; for the Baron's duties, as commander-in-chief of the German troops, required him to be frequently exposed to the most imminent perils.

The Baroness Reidesel gives in her narrative the following recital, respecting General Frazer's death:—" Severe trials awaited us, and, on the 7th of October, our misfortunes began; I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day, I expected the Generals Burgoyne, Philips, and Frazer, to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops; my husband told me, it was a mere reconnoissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house, and met several Indians, in their war-dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out War! War! (meaning that they were going to battle.)—This filled me with apprehensions, and I had scarcely got home, before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees, till at last the noise became excessive. About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom I expected, General Frazer was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead, for the wounded general. I sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder, and the alarm increased: the thought that my husband might, perhaps, be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly.

"General Frazer said to the surgeon, 'tell me if the wound is mortal, do not flatter me.' The ball had passed through his body, and, unhappily for the general, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh, 'O, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! O, my poor wife!' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that 'if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there.' Towards evening, I saw my husband coming; then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me."

The German baroness spent much of the night in comforting Lady Harriet Ackland, and in taking care of her children, whom she had put to bed. Of herself she says—"I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in my room, and I was sadly afraid my children would awake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me and apologised '*for the trouble he gave me.*' About three o'clock in the morning, I was told he could not hold out much longer; I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o'clock in the morning he died. After he was laid out, and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and we had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded."

What a situation for delicate females—a small house, filled with bleeding and expiring men—the battle roaring and raging all around—little children to be soothed and protected, and female domestics, in despair, to be comforted—cordials and aids, such as were attainable, to be administered to the wounded and dying—ruin impending over the army, and they knew not what insults, worse than death, might await themselves from those whom they had been taught to consider as base, as well as cowardly.

Both these illustrious females learned, not long after, a different lesson. I have already remarked, that Major Ackland was wounded and taken prisoner. His lady, with heroic courage, and exemplary conjugal tenderness, passed down the river to our army, with a letter from General Burgoyne to General Gates, and although somewhat detained on the river, because it was night when she arrived, and the centinel could not permit her to land till he had received orders from his superior, she was, as soon as her errand was made known, received by the Americans with the utmost respect, kindness, and delicacy. Her husband, many years after the war, even lost his life in a duel, which he fought with an officer who called the Americans cowards. Ackland espoused their cause, and vindicated it in this unhappy manner.

General Burgoyne, in his "State of the Expedition from Canada," has mentioned, with much respect and feeling, the case of Lady Harriet Ackland. It seems she came with her husband to Canada, early in the year 1776, and accompanied him through that campaign, in all the varieties of travelling and of season, "to attend, in a poor hut, at Chambly, upon his sick bed." At the opening of the campaign of 1777, she, by the positive injunctions

of her husband, remained at Ticonderoga, till, hearing of his being wounded at Castleton, she went over to him, and, after his recovery, persisted in following his fortunes, with no other vehicle than a little two-wheeled tumbril, constructed in the camp on the Hudson. She, with the major, was, on a particular occasion, near perishing in the flames, in consequence of their hut taking fire in the night. As the grenadiers, whom Major Ackland commanded, were attached to the advanced corps, this lady was exposed to all their fatigues, and to many of their perils, and was at last obliged, during the battle of the 7th of October, to take refuge "among the wounded and dying."

With respect to her proposal to go over to the American camp, to take care of her husband, General Burgoyne remarks,* "Though I was ready to believe, (for I had experienced,) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted, not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told, she had found from some kind and fortunate hand a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."——"It is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved."

I omit to quote General Burgoyne's statement, that lady Harriet Ackland was detained through the night in the open boat, because, we are now informed, on the authority of Generals Wilkinson† and Dearborn, that this was a total misrepresentation, although, probably, not originating with General Burgoyne. It seems General Dearborn (then a major,) commanded at the post where the boat was hailed. As soon as the character of the lady was known, she was immediately provided with a comfortable apartment, and refreshments, and fire, and, in the morning, was forwarded on her way to the camp. "Let such," adds General Burgoyne, "as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a

* State of the Expedition, &c. p. 128.
† Memoirs, vol. i. p. 283.

woman, of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners; habituated to all the soft elegancies, and refined enjoyments, that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials."

Lady Reidesel, immediately on the surrender of the army, received on the spot, from General Schuyler, (and that spot was his own devastated estate,) the most kind and soothing attentions, which she and her children so eminently needed, and afterwards, in the family of this magnanimous and generous man, she experienced from Mrs. Schuyler and her daughters all the attentions and sympathies of friendship.

After the surrender, and the officers had gone over to General Gates' army, General Reidesel sent a message to his lady, to come to him with her children. She says in her narrative, "I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on, I observed, (and this was a great consolation to me,) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but they all greeted us, and even shewed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, *took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears.*—'You tremble,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'be not afraid,'—'No,' I answered, 'you seem so *kind* and *tender* to my children, it inspires me with courage.' He now led me to the tent of General Gates. All the generals remained to dine with General Gates.

"The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, 'You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will.' I said, 'you are certainly a husband and a father, you have shewn me so much kindness.'

"I now found that he was General Schuyler. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner: I was content; I saw all around me were so likewise; and what was better than all, my husband was out of danger! When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to accept the invitation."——"Some days after this, we arrived at Albany,

where we so often wished ourselves; but we did not enter it, as we expected we should, victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife, and daughters, not as enemies but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burnt; in fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, 'You shew me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.' '*That was the fate of war*,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it.'"

Thus, not only General Burgoyne, but a number of the most distinguished officers of the army, including Baron Reidesel and Major Ackland, and their ladies, were actually lodged for weeks, and most hospitably entertained, in the house of the man whose elegant villa at Saratoga they had wantonly* burnt, and whose fine estate they had spoiled.

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Retiring at a late hour to my bed, it will be easily perceived that the tender and heroic ideas, associated with this memorable house, would strongly possess my mind. The night was mantled in black clouds, and impenetrable darkness; the rain increasing, descended in torrents upon the roof of this humble mansion; the water, urged from the heights, poured with loud and incessant rumbling, through a neighbouring aqueduct; and the Hudson, as if conscious that blood had once stained its waters and its banks, rolled along with sullen murmurs;—the distinguished persons who, forty-two years since, occupied this tenement—the agonized females—the terrified imploring children—and the gallant chiefs, in all the grandeur of heroic suffering and death, were vividly present to my mind—all the realities of the night, and the sublime and tender images of the past, conspired to give my faculties too much activity for sleep, and I will not deny that the dawning light was grateful to my eyes.

THE BATTLE-GROUND.

The rain having ceased, I was on horseback at early dawn, with a veteran guide to conduct me to the battle-ground. Although he was seventy-five years old, he did not detain me a moment; in consequence of an appointment the evening before, he was waiting my arrival at his house, a mile below our inn,

* It was asserted, in justification, that the house was burnt to prevent its being a cover for the Americans, and that the estate was ravaged in foraging.

and, declining any aid, he mounted a tall horse from the ground. His name was Ezra Buel,* a native of Lebanon, in Connecticut, which place he left in his youth, and was settled here at the time of General Burgoyne's invasion. He acted through the whole time as a guide to the American army, and was one of three who were constantly employed in that service. His duty led him to be always foremost, and in the post of danger; and he was, therefore, admirably qualified for my purpose.

The two great battles, which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army, were fought, the first on the 19th of September, and the last, on the 7th of October, on Bemus' heights, and very nearly on the same ground, which is about two miles west of the river.

The river is, in this region, bordered for many miles by a continued meadow, of no great breadth; upon this meadow there was then, as there is now, a good road close to the river, and parallel to it. Upon this road marched the heavy-artillery and baggage, constituting the left wing of the British army, while the advanced corps of the light troops, forming the right wing, kept on the heights which bound the meadows.

The American army was south and west of the British, its right wing on the river, and its left resting on the heights. We passed over a part of their camp a little below Stillwater.

A great part of the battle-ground was occupied by lofty forest-trees, principally pine, with here and there a few cleared fields, of which the most conspicuous in these sanguinary scenes was called Freeman's farm, and is so called in General Burgoyne's plans. Such is nearly the present situation of these heights, only there is more cleared land; the *gigantic* trees have been principally felled, but a considerable number remain as witnesses to posterity; they still shew the wounds made in their trunks and branches, by the missiles of contending armies; their roots still penetrate the soil that was made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their sombre foliage still murmurs with the breeze, which once sighed as it bore the departing spirits along.

My veteran guide, warmed by my curiosity, and recalling the feelings of his prime, led me, with amazing rapidity and promptitude, over fences and ditches—through water and mire—through ravines and defiles—through thick forests and open fields—and up and down very steep hills; in short, through many places where alone I would not have ventured; but it would have been shameful for me not to follow where a man of seventy-five would lead, and to reluctate at going, *in peace*, over the ground which

* Called *colloquially*, in the neighbourhood, *Major Buel*, a rank which he never had in the army, but which was *facetiously* assigned him while in the service by his brother guides. He is much respected as a worthy man.

the defenders of their country and their foes once trod in steps of blood.

On our way to Freeman's farm, we traced the line of the British encampment, still marked by a breast-work of logs, now rotten, but retaining their forms; they were at the time covered with earth, and the barrier between contending armies is now a fence to mark the peaceful divisions of agriculture. This breast-work I suppose to be a part of the line of encampment occupied by General Burgoyne, after the battle of the 19th of September, and which was stormed on the evening of the 7th of October.

The old man shewed me the exact spot where an accidental skirmish, between advanced parties of the two armies, soon brought on the general and bloody battle of September 19.

This was on Freeman's farm, a field which was then cleared, although surrounded by forest. The British picket here occupied a small house,* when a part of Colonel Morgan's corps fell in with, and immediately drove them from it, leaving the house almost "encircled with their dead." The pursuing party almost immediately, and very unexpectedly, fell in with the British line, and were in part captured and the rest dispersed.

This incident occurred at half-past twelve o'clock; there was then an intermission till one, when the action was sharply renewed; but it did not become general till three, from which time it raged with unabated fury till night. "The theatre of action" (says General Wilkinson,†) was such, that although the combatants changed ground a dozen times, in the course of the day, the contest terminated on the spot where it began. This may be explained in a few words. The British line was formed on an eminence in a thin pine-wood, having before it Freeman's farm, an oblong field, stretching from the centre towards its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of this field, which was bordered, on the opposite side, by a close wood: the sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground, between the eminence occupied by the enemy and the wood just described; the fire of our marksmen from this wood was too deadly to be withstood by the enemy in line, and when they gave way and broke, our men, rushing from their covert, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and, charging in turn, drove us back into the wood, from whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back;

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* Major Forbes, of the British army, states, that the American picket occupied the house: both facts might have been true at different periods of the affair.

† Memoirs, vol. i. p. 240.

and in this manner did the battle fluctuate, like waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantages for four hours, without one moment's intermission. The British artillery fell into our possession at every charge, but we could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the lintstock was invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transitions did not allow us time to provide one; the slaughter of this brigade of artillerists was remarkable, the captain (Jones) and thirty-six men being killed or wounded out of forty-eight. It was truly a gallant conflict, in which death, by familiarity, lost his terrors, and certainly a drawn battle, as night alone terminated it: the British army keeping its ground in rear of the field of action, and our corps, when they could no longer distinguish objects, retiring to their own camp. Yet General Burgoyne claimed a "victory."

It had, however, with respect to him, all the consequences of a defeat: his loss was between five and six hundred, while ours was but little more than half that number; his loss was irreparable, ours easily repaired, and in proportion to our entire army, as well as absolutely, it was much less than his.

The stress of the action, as regards the British, lay principally on the twentieth, twenty-first, and sixty-second regiments; the latter, which was 500 strong when it left Canada, was reduced to less than sixty men, and to four or five officers.*

General Burgoyne states, that there was scarcely ever an interval of a minute in the smoke, when some British officer was not shot by the American riflemen posted in the trees, in the rear and on the flank of their own line. A shot which was meant for General Burgoyne, severely wounded Captain Green, an aid of General Philips: the mistake was owing to the Captain's having a rich laced furniture to his saddle, which caused the marksman to mistake him for the general.

Such was the ardour of the Americans, that, as General Wilkinson states, the wounded men, after having their wounds dressed, in many instances returned again into the battle.

The battle of the 7th of October was fought on the same ground, but it was not so stationary; it commenced farther to the right, and extended, in its various periods, over more surface, eventually occupying not only Freeman's farm, but it was urged by the Americans to the very camp of the enemy, which, towards night, was most impetuously stormed, and in part carried.

The interval between the 19th of September and the 7th

* Gordon.

of October, was one of great anxiety to both armies; "*not a night passed, (adds General Burgoyne,) without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our pickets; no foraging-party could be made without great detachments to cover it; it was the plan of the enemy to harrass the army by constant alarms, and their superiority of numbers enabled them to attempt it, without fatigue to themselves. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them; but I do not believe that either officer or soldier ever slept during that interval, without his clothes, or that any general officer or commander of a regiment passed a single night without being upon his legs, occasionally, at different hours, and constantly an hour before daylight."

The battle of the 7th was brought on by a movement of General Burgoyne, who caused 1500 men, with ten pieces of artillery, to march towards the left of the American army, for the purpose of discovering whether it was possible to force a passage: or, in case a retreat of the royal army should become indispensable, to dislodge the Americans from their entrenchments, and also to cover a forage, which had now become pressingly necessary. It was about the middle of the afternoon that the British were observed advancing, and the Americans, with small arms, lost no time in attacking the British grenadiers and artillery, although under a tremendous fire from the latter; the battle soon extended along the whole line: Colonel Morgan, at the same moment, attacked, with his riflemen, on the right-wing; Colonel Ackland, the commander of the grenadiers, fell, wounded; the grenadiers were defeated, and most of the artillery taken, after great slaughter.

After a most sanguinary contest of less than one hour, the discomfiture and retreat of the British became general, and they had scarcely regained their camp, before the lines were stormed with the greatest fury, and part of Lord Belcarris' camp was for a short time in our possession.

I saw the spot, and also that where the Germans, under Colonel Breymen, forming the right reserve of the army, were stormed in their encampment, by General Learned and Colonel Brooks, now Governor Brooks, of Massachusetts. General Arnold was wounded on this occasion; Colonel Breymen was killed; and the Germans were either captured, slain, or forced to retreat in the most precipitate manner, leaving the British encampment on the right entirely unprotected, and liable to be assailed the next morning. All the British officers bear testi-

* State of the Expedition.

mony to the valour and obstinacy of the attacks of the Americans. The fact was, the British were sorely defeated, routed, and vigorously pursued to their lines, which it seems probable would have been entirely carried by assault, had not darkness, as in the battle of the 19th, put an end to the sanguinary contest. It is obvious, from General Burgoyne's own account, and from the testimony of his officers, that this was a severe defeat; and such an one as has rarely been experienced by a British army; this army was reduced by it to the greatest distress, and nothing but night saved them from destruction.

I was on the ground where the grenadiers, and where the artillery were stationed. "Here, upon this hill," (said my hoary guide,) "on the very spot where we now stand, the dead men lay thicker than you ever saw sheaves on a fruitful harvest-field."—"Were they British or Americans?"—"Both," he replied, "but principally British." I suppose that it is of this ground that General Wilkinson remarks, it presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards lay eighteen grenadiers, in the agonies of death; and three officers propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding, and almost speechless.

My guide, proceeding with his narrtive, said, "there stood a British field-piece, which had been twice taken, and re-taken, and finally remained in our possession: I was on the ground, and said to an American colonel, who came up at the moment, 'Colonel, we have taken this piece, and now we want you to *swear it true to America;*' so the colonel swore it true, and we turned it around, and fired upon the British, with their own cannon, and with their own ammunition, still remaining unconsumed in their boxes." I presume General Wilkinson alludes to the same anecdote, when he says, "I found the courageous Colonel Cilley a-straddle on a brass twelve-pounder, and exulting in the capture."

I was solicitous to see the exact spot where General Frazer received his mortal wound. My old guide knew it perfectly well, and pointed it out to me. It is in a meadow, just on the right of the road, after passing a blacksmith's shop, and going south a few rods. The blacksmith's shop is on a road which runs parallel to the Hudson—it stands elevated, and overlooks Freeman's farm.

The night of October the seventh was a most critical one for the royal army; in the course of it they abandoned their camp, changed their whole position, and retreated to their works upon the heights, contiguous to the river, and immediately behind the hospital.

I saw various places where the dead were interred; a rivulet,

or creek, passes through the battle-ground, and still washes out from its banks the bones of the slain. This rivulet is often mentioned in the accounts of these battles, and the deep ravine through which it passes; on our return we followed this ravine and rivulet through the greater part of their course, till they united with the Hudson river.

Farm-houses are dispersed, here and there, over the field of battle, and the people often find, even now, gun-barrels and bayonets, cannon-balls, grape-shot, bullets, and human bones. Of the three last, I took from one of these people some painful specimens:—some of the bullets were battered and mis-shaped, evincing that they had come into collision with opposing obstacles.

Entire skeletons are occasionally found; a man told me, that, in ploughing, during the late summer, he turned one up; it was not covered more than three inches with earth; it lay on its side, and the arms were in the form of a bow; it was, probably, some solitary victim that never was buried. Such are the memorials still existing of these great military events; great, not so much on account of the number of the actors, as from the momentous interests at stake, and from the magnanimous efforts to which they gave origin.

I would not envy that man his state of feeling, who could visit such fields of battle without emotion, or who, (being an American,) could fail to indulge admiration and affection for the soldiers and martyrs of liberty, and respect for the valour of their enemies.

GENERAL FRAZER'S GRAVE.

HAVING taken my guide home to breakfast, we made use of his knowledge of the country to identify with certainty the place of General Frazer's interment.

General Burgoyne mentions two redoubts that were thrown up on the hills behind his hospital; they are both still very distinct, and in one of these, which is called the great redoubt by the officer's of General Burgoyne's army, General Frazer was buried. It is true it has been disputed which is the redoubt in question, but our guide stated to us, that within his knowledge a British serjeant, three or four years after the surrender of Burgoyne's army, came and pointed out the grave. We went to the spot; it is within the redoubt on the top of the hill, nearest to the house where the general died, and corresponds with the plate in Anbury's Travels, taken from an original drawing, made by Sir Francis Clark, aid to General Burgoyne, and with the statement of the general in his defence, as well as with the account of Madame Reidesel.

General Frazer, when dying, sent with the "kindest expression of his affection for General Burgoyne, a request that he might be carried, without parade, by the soldiers of his corps, to the great redoubt and buried there."

The circumstances of this memorable interment have been often mentioned.

The body, attended by General Burgoyne, and the other principal officers of the army, who could not resist the impulse to join the procession, moved winding slowly up the hill, within view of the greater part of both armies, while an incessant cannonade from the Americans, who observed a collection of people, without knowing the occasion, covered the procession with dust;—the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Brudenel, went through the funeral-service with perfect composure and propriety notwithstanding the cannonade, and thus the last honours were paid one of the chiefs of the British army.

The Baroness Reidesel, who was a spectator, speaks of the funeral service as being "rendered unusually solemn and awful, from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery," and adds—"many cannon-balls flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed to the mountain, where my husband was standing amidst the fire of the enemy, and of course I could not think of my own danger."

General Burgoyne's eloquent delineation of the same scene, although often quoted before by others, is too interesting to be omitted on the present occason:—"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain, to the last of life, upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvass, and to the page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive; long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

The place of the interment was formerly designated by a little fence surrounding the grave. I was here in 1797, twenty-two years ago, the grave was then distinctly visible, but the remains have been since dug up, by some English gentlemen, and carried to England.

The circumstances of the British were now very distressing,

and they constantly expected a renewed attack from the Americans. Speaking of the death of General Frazer, General Burgoyne remarks: "The whole of the 8th of October was correspondent to this inauspicious beginning. The hours were measured by a succession of immediate cares, increasing doubts, and melancholy objects. The enemy were formed in two lines; every part of their disposition, as well as the repeated attacks on Lord Balcarras' corps, and the cannonade from the plain, kept the troops in momentary expectation of a general action. During this suspense, wounded officers, some upon crutches, and others even carried upon hand-barrows by their servants, were occasionally ascending the hill from the hospital-tents, to take their share in the action, or follow the march of the army. The generals were employed in exhorting the troops."

That commander who, in the commencement of the campaign, had uttered in his general orders the memorable sentiment—"this army must not retreat," was now compelled to seek his safety by stealing away in the night from his victorious enemy. Numerous fires were lighted—several tents left standing, and the retreat was ordered to be conducted with the greatest secrecy. The army commenced its retrograde motion at nine o'clock on the night of the eighth, pursuing the river-road, through the meadows. It moved all night; but the succeeding day was excessively rainy, and the roads so bad, that they did not reach Saratoga, a distance of only six miles, till the evening of the ninth. The rains had so swelled the Fishkill, that they did not pass that rivulet till the morning of the tenth, when, finding their enemies already in possession of the fords of the Hudson, they took up a strong position, which proved their final one.

General Burgoyne left his hospital, containing more than 300 sick and wounded, to the mercy of General Gates, who in this, as in all other instances, exhibited towards the enemy the greatest humanity and kindness.

Swords' house, where Mr. W. and myself lodged, was the centre of this military hospital, and was occupied by the wounded officers, while the common soldiers were comfortably accommodated in the vicinity in tents.

The researches and observations of the morning had detained us till rather a late hour, when, taking leave of our venerable guide,* we proceeded northward on our journey, pursuing exactly the route of the retreating British army.

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* I must not, however, leave him without mentioning, that he was wounded in this campaign: he bared his aged breast, and shewed me where a bullet had raked along superficially cutting the outer integuments of the thorax, and carrying with it into the wound portions of his clothes.

THE LAST ENCAMPMENT.

Six days more of anxiety, fatigue, and suffering, remained for the British army. They had lost part of their provision batteaux, when they abandoned their hospital and the rest being exposed to imminent danger, the small stock of provisions remaining was landed under a heavy fire, and hauled up the heights. On these heights, close to the meadows bordering on the river, they formed a fortified camp, and strengthened it by artillery. Most of the artillery, however, was on the plain. General Gates' army soon followed that of Burgoyne, and stretched along south of the Fishkill, and parallel to it; the corps of Colonel Morgan lay west and north of the British army, and General Fellows, with 3000 men, was on the east of the Hudson, ready to dispute the passage. Fort Edward was soon after occupied by the Americans—a fortified camp was formed on the high ground, between the Hudson and Lake George, and parties were stationed up and down the river; thus the desperate resolution which had been taken in General Burgoyne's camp, of abandoning their artillery and baggage, and (with no more provision than they could carry on their backs,) forcing their way by a rapid night march, and in this manner gaining one of the lakes, was rendered abortive.

Every part of the camp of the royal army was exposed, not only to cannon-balls, but to rifle-shot; not a single place of safety could be found, not a corner where a council could be held, a dinner taken in peace, or where the sick and the wounded, the females and the children, could find an asylum. Even the access to the river was rendered very hazardous by the numerous rifle-shot; and the army was soon distressed for want of water. General Reidesel and his lady and children were often obliged to drink wine instead of water, and they had no way to procure the latter, except that a soldier's wife ventured to the river for them, and the Americans, out of respect to her sex, did not fire at her.

To protect his family from shot, General Reidesel, soon after their arrival at Saratoga, directed them to take shelter in a house not far off. They had scarcely reached it, before a terrible cannonade was directed against that very house, upon the mistaken idea, that all the generals were assembled in it. "Alas," adds the Baroness, "it contained none but wounded and women; we were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge, and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads in my lap, and, in the same situation, I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot which carried away his other; his comrades had left him, and when we

went to his assistance, we found him in a corner of the room into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly, and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone sustained me." A horse of General Reidesel was in constant readiness for his lady to mount, in case of a sudden retreat, and three wounded English officers, who lodged in the same house, had made her a solemn promise, that they would, each of them, take one of her children upon a horse, and fly with them when such a measure should become necessary. She was in a state of wretchedness on account of her husband, who was in constant danger, exposed all day to the shot, and never entering his tent to sleep, but, notwithstanding the great cold, lying down whole nights by the watch-fires. In this horrid situation they remained six days, till the cessation of hostilities, which ended in a convention for the surrender of the army; the treaty was signed on the sixteenth, and the army surrendered the next day.*

On the present occasion I did not visit the British fortified camp. When I was here, in 1797, I examined it particularly. It was then in perfect preservation, (I speak of the encampment of the *British* troops upon the hill, near the Fishkill,) the parapet was high, and covered with grass and shrubs, and the platforms of earth to support the field-pieces were still in good condition. No devastation, of any consequence, had been committed, except by the credulous, who had made numerous excavations in the breast-work, and various parts of the encampments, for the purpose of discovering the money, which the officers were supposed to have buried, and abandoned. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they never found any money, for private property was made sacred by the convention, and even the public military chest was not disturbed: the British retained every shilling that it contained. Under such circumstances, to have buried their money would have been almost as great a folly as the subsequent search for it. This infatuation has not, however, gone by even to this hour, and still, every year, new pits are excavated by the insatiable money-diggers.†

THE FIELD OF SURRENDER.

We arrived at this interesting spot in a very fine morning; the sun shone with great splendour upon the flowing Hudson, and

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* Baroness Reidesel's Narrative, in Wilkinson's Memoirs.

† This appears to be a very common popular delusion; in many places, on the Hudson, and about the lakes, where armies had lain, or moved, we found money-pits dug; and, in one place, they told us, that a man bought of a poor widow the right of digging in her ground for the hidden treasure.

upon the beautiful heights, and the luxuriant meadows now smiling in rich verdure, and exhibiting images of tranquillity and loveliness, very opposite to the horrors of war, which were once witnessed here.

The Fishkill, swollen by abundant rains, (as it was on the morning of October 10th, 1777, when General Burgoyne passed it with his artillery,) now poured a turbid torrent along its narrow channel, and roaring down the declivity of the hills, hastened to mingle its waters with those of the Hudson.

It was upon the banks of the Fishkill that the British army surrendered. We passed the ground where stood the tents of General Gates, and where he received General Burgoyne and the principal officers of his army. General Wilkinson's account of this interview is interesting: "Early in the morning of the 17th I visited General Burgoyne in his camp, and accompanied him to the ground where his army was to lay down their arms, from whence we rode to the bank of the Hudson's river, which he surveyed with attention, and asked me whether it was not fordable. 'Certainly, Sir; but do you observe the people on the opposite shore?'—'Yes, (replied he,) I have seen them too long.' He then proposed to be introduced to General Gates, and we crossed the Fishkill, and proceeded to head-quarters, General Burgoyne in front, with his Adjutant-general Kingston, and his aids-de-camp Captain Lord Petersham and Lieutenant Wilford behind him; then followed Major-general Phillips, the Baron Reidesel, and the other general-officers and their suites, according to rank. General Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach, met him at the head of his camp, Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock: when they had approached nearly within swords' length, they reined up and halted; I then named the gentlemen, and General Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner;' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, promptly replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony, that it has not been through any fault of your excellency.' Major-general Phillips then advanced, and he and General Gates saluted, and shook hands with the familiarity of old acquaintances. The Baron Reidesel and the other officers were introduced in their turn."

We passed the ruins of General Schuyler's house, which are still conspicuous, and hastened to the field where the British troops grounded their arms. Although, in 1797, I paced it over with juvenile enthusiasm,* I felt scarcely less interested on the

* In company with the Hon. John Elliott, now a senator from Georgia, and John Wynn, Esq. from the same state.

present occasion, and again walked over the whole tract. It is a beautiful meadow, situated at the intersection of the Fishkill with the Hudson, and north of the former. There is nothing now to distinguish the spot, except the ruins of old Fort Hardy, built during the French wars, and the deeply interesting historical associations which will cause this place to be memorable to the latest generation.

STILLWATER TO SANDY-HILL.

This ride of twenty-two miles we took before dinner. After viewing the field of surrender, which is seven miles above Stillwater, and thirty-two above Albany, we passed on two miles farther, to the bridge at Fort Miller, where we crossed to the eastern side of the Hudson.

On coming near the head-waters of this river, we begin to tread on ground famous, not only in the war of the revolution, but in those numerous and bloody campaigns, of a still earlier date, in which the French and the savages carried fire and slaughter into the vast frontier of the northern English colonies. The contests then sustained were distinguished by immense sacrifices, efforts, and sufferings on the part of the English colonies; sacrifices, efforts, and sufferings which, notwithstanding the great aids occasionally received from the mother-country, scarcely admitted, for a long course of years, of any serious and permanent intermission. Fort Miller was one of the posts established in those wars, and formed a link in the chain which connected the upper waters of the Hudson with those of the lakes George and Champlain, and of course with Canada. Fort Miller is completely levelled, and I know not of any particular event, of signal importance, connected with its history, except that here, or a little way below, General Burgoyne, when proceeding to Stillwater, on the 13th and 14th of September, 1777, passed most of his army over the Hudson.

From this place we pursued our journey, along the left bank of the river, to Fort Edward, and Sandy-Hill.

In the whole distance, from Albany to the latter place, (nearly fifty miles,) there is scarcely a hill, even of moderate elevation, and the scenery is extremely similar to that which I have already described.

The river, sprinkled with islands, flows through beautiful meadows, and appears, in many places, smooth and glassy as a mirror, and its motion is scarcely perceptible, either to sight or hearing; again, it is agitated, and with ripples and waves, is urged over a shallow and rocky bottom, or dashes rapidly down a more sudden and more rocky declivity; but, in every variety of surface, it forms always a pleasing and interesting object.

FORT EDWARD.

At this fort we first observed the canal, which is destined to connect the head waters of Lake Champlain with those of the Hudson. It is now on the point of being united with this river, and they are constructing the walls of the canal of a very handsome hewn stone: it is obtained, as I am informed, near Fort Anne, and presents to the eye, aided by a magnifier, very minute plates and veins, which feebly effervesce with acids, and appear to enclose an extremely fine black mineral, resembling hornblende; the stone is impressed by steel, and feebly fires with it; is it a peculiar kind of calcareous sand-stone? It is of a dark hue, and is shaped into handsome blocks, by the tools of the workmen. I was gratified to see such firm and massy walls constructed of this stone; indeed, in point of solidity and beauty, they would do honour to the modern wet-docks of Great Britain.

It is intended to have a lock at this place, where there is a considerable descent into the Hudson.

There is a village at Fort Edward, bearing the same name, and I ought to have remarked that there are villages at Stillwater, Saratoga, and Fort Miller; but there is nothing particularly interesting in either of them. Fort Edward, however, is memorable, on account of its former importance: It is situated near the great bend of the Hudson, and formed the immediate connection with Lake George, which is sixteen miles, and with Lake Champlain, which is twenty-two miles distant. It was originally only an entrenched camp, and was constructed by the unfortunate Colonel Williams, afterwards slain, in 1755, near Lake George; but as its situation was important, it was soon converted into a regular fort. Its walls, built of earth, were raised thirty feet high, with ditches correponding in depth and width, and it was defended by cannon. It stands on the brink of the Hudson, and the embankment was continued along the river.

The walls appear to be, in some places, still twenty feet high, notwithstanding what time and the plough have done to reduce them; for the interior of the fort, and in some places the parapet, are planted with potatoes.

I know not that this fort was ever besieged or stormed, although it was often threatened. In the last French war, it was an important station, and in General Burgoyne's campaign it formed the medium of communication with Lake George, whence the provisions were brought forward for the use of the British army, which was detained on this account, at and near Fort Edward for six weeks, by which means they lost the best part of the season for military operations: as they moved down

the river, they relinquished the connexion with Fort Edward and Lake George, and were never able to recover it.

MASSACRE OF MISS M'CREA.

THE story of this unfortunate young lady is well known, nor should I mention it now but for the fact, that the place of her murder was pointed out to us near Fort Edward.

We saw and conversed with a person who was acquainted with her, and with her family; they resided in the village of Fort Edward.

It seems she was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne's army, and being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he dispatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and his gallantry, that he did not go himself, or at least that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends she committed herself to the care of these fiends:—strange infatuation of her lover to solicit such a confidence—stranger presumption in her to yield to his wishes; what treatment had she not a right to expect from such guardians!

The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring, and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the mean time, dispatched a second party of Indians on the same errand; they came at the unfortunate moment to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued as to the promised reward.

Both parties were now attacked by the whites, and at the end of the conflict the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped, and (as is said,) tied fast to a pine-tree just by the spring. Tradition reports that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

This beautiful spring, which still flows limpid and cool from a bank near the road-side, and this fatal tree we saw. The tree, which is a large and ancient pine, "fit for the mast of some tall ammiral," is wounded in many places by the balls of the whites, fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remained in this ancient tree, which seems a striking emblem of wounded innocence; and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation, by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M'Crea.

Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot without spending a plaintive mo-

ment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and liveliness. The murder of Miss M'Crea, (a deed of such atrocity and cruelty as scarcely to admit of aggravation,) occurring as it did at the moment when General Burgoyne, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American States, hordes of savages, "those hell-hounds of war," whose known and established mode of warfare were those of promiscuous massacre, electrified the whole continent, and, indeed, the civilized world, producing an universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance, and in a severe but *too personal* remonstrance, which he addressed to General Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities. His *real guilt*, or that of his government, was *in employing the savages at all* in the war; in other respects he appears to have had no concern in the transaction; in his reply to General Gates he thus vindicates himself: "In regard to Miss M'Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have laboured to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off, for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though to have punished him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs."

SANDY HILL, AND THE MASSACRE THERE.

SANDY HILL* "is delightfully situated just above Baker's falls—it contains a woollen-manufactory, a court-house, a bank, an academy for young ladies, and about eighty houses." This pretty and flourishing village is regularly laid out, and composed of neat and handsome houses, many of which surround a beautiful central green. The village of Sandy Hill is of recent origin, and the scite on which it stands was formerly the scene of Indian barbarities.

From Mr. H., a very respectable inhabitant, I learned the following singular piece of history.

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

Old Mr. Schoonhoven, recently living in this vicinity, and probably still surviving, although at the great age of more than four score, informed Mr. H. that during the last French war, he, and six or seven other Americans coming through the wilderness, from Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George to Sandy Hill, had the misfortune to be taken prisoners by a party of the savages. They were conducted to the spot, which is now the central green of Sandy Hill, and ordered to sit down in a row upon a log. Mr. Schoonhoven pointed out to Mr. H. the exact place where the log lay; it was nearly in front of the house where we dined. The Indians then began, very deliberately, to tomahawk their victims, commencing at one end of the log, and splitting the skulls of their prisoners in regular succession; while the survivors, compelled to sit still, and to witness the awful fate of their companions, awaited their own in unutterable horror. Mr. Schoonhoven was the last but one, upon the end of the log, opposite to where the massacre commenced; the work of death had already proceeded to him, and the lifted tomahawk was ready to descend, when a chief gave a signal to stop the butchery. Then approaching Mr. Schoonhoven, he mildly said, "do you not remember that (at such a time) when your young men were dancing, poor Indians came, and wanted to dance too; your young men said 'no!—Indians shall not dance with us;' but you (for it seems this chief had recognised his features only in the critical moment) said, Indians shall dance;—now I will shew you that Indians can remember kindness." This chance recollection, (*providential* we had better call it) saved the life of Mr. Schoonhoven, and of the other survivor.

Strange mixture of generosity and cruelty! For a trifling affront, they cherished and glutted vengeance, fell as that of infernals, without measure of retribution, or discrimination of objects; for a favour equally trifling, they manifested magnanimity, exceeding all correspondence to the benefit, and capable of arresting the stroke of death, even when falling with the rapidity of lightning.

EXCURSION TO LAKE GEORGE.

This interesting region lay to the left of our proposed route to Lake Champlain; to visit it, would demand nearly twenty miles of additional travelling, through very bad roads; Mr. W. was already familiar with the scene: I therefore took an extra conveyance with which I was furnished at Sandy Hill, by the civility of Mr. H. who did me the favour to accompany me on the excursion, (for there was no public vehicle) and leaving Mr. W. to pursue his journey to Fort Anne, where I agreed to meet

him, I parted with him four miles above Sandy Hill at Glenn's Falls.

GLENN'S FALLS.

We stopped for a few moments at this celebrated place. It is not possible that so large a river as the Hudson is, even here, at more than two hundred miles from its mouth, should be precipitated over any declivity, however moderate, without a degree of grandeur. Even the various rapids which we had passed above Albany, and still more the falls at Fort Miller Bridge, and Baker's Falls, at Sandy Hill, had powerfully arrested our attention, and prepared us for the magnificent spectacle now before us. I regretted that I could not, more at leisure, investigate the geology of this pass, both for its own sake, and for its connection with this fine piece of scenery.

Down these platforms, and through these channels, the Hudson, when the river is full, indignantly rushes in one broad expance, now in several subordinate rivers, thundering and foaming among the black rocks, and at last, dashing their conflicting waters into one tumultuous raging torrent, white as the ridge of the tempest wave, shrouded with spray, and adorned with the hues of the rainbow. Such is the view from the bridge immediately at the foot of the falls, and it is finely contrasted with the solemn grandeur of the sable ledges below, which tower to a great height above the stream.

I do not know the entire fall of the river here, but should think, judging from the eye, that it could not be less than fifty feet, including all its leaps, down the different platforms of rock.

PROSPECT FROM THE HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE.

Sept. 28.—In the first grey of the morning, I was in the balcony of the inn, admiring the fine outline of the mountains by which Lake George is environed, and the masses of pure snowy vapour which, unruffled by the slightest breeze, slumbered on its christal bosom. During all the preceding days of the tour, there had not been a clear morning, but now not a cloud spotted the expanse of the heavens, and the sky and the lake conspired to exalt every feature of this unrivalled landscape.

The morning came on with rapid progress; but the woody sides of the high mountains, that form the eastern barrier, were still obscured by the lingering shadows of night, although, on their tops, the dawn was now fully disclosed, and their outline, by contrast with their dark sides, was rendered beautifully distinct; while their reversed images, perfectly reflected from the most exquisite of all mirrors, presented mountains pendant in the deep, and adhering to their bases, to those which, at the same moment, were emulating the heavens.

A boat had been engaged the evening before, and we now rowed out upon the lake, and hastened to Old Fort George, whose circular massy walls of stone, still twenty feet high, and in pretty good preservation, rise upon a hill about a quarter of a mile from the southern shore of the lake. I was anxious to enjoy, from this propitious spot, the advancing glories of the morning, which, by the time we had reached our station, were glowing upon the mountain-tops, with an effulgence that could be augmented by nothing but the actual appearance of the king of day.

Now the opposite mountains—those that form the western barrier, were strongly illuminated down their entire declivity, while the twin barrier of the eastern shore (its ridge excepted) was still in deep shadow; the vapour on the lake, which was just sufficient to form the softened blending of light and shade, while it veiled the lake only in spots, and left its outline and most of its surface perfectly distinct, began to form itself into winrows,* and clouds and castles, and to recede from the water, as if conscious that its dominion must now be resigned.

The retreat of the vapour formed a very beautiful part of the scenery; it was the moveable light drapery, which, at first, adorning the bosom of the lake, soon after began to retire up the sides of the mountains, and to gather itself into delicate curtains and festoons.

At the distance of twelve or fourteen miles, the lake turns to the right, and is lost among the mountains; to the left is North-west bay, more remote and visible from the fort.

The promontory, which forms the point of junction between the lake and the bay, rises into lofty peaks and ridges, and *apparently* forms the northern termination of the lake.

Up these mountains, which are even more grand and lofty than those on the sides of the lake, the vapour, accumulated by a very slight movement of the atmosphere from the south, rolled in immense masses, every moment changing their form; now obscuring the mountains almost entirely, and now veiling their sides, but permitting their tops to emerge in unclouded majesty.

Anxious to witness, from the surface of the lake, the first appearance of the sun's orb, we regained our boat, and, in a few moments, attained the desired position. Opposite to us, in the direction towards the rising sun, was a place or notch, lower

* This, possibly, is an American word, (meaning the rows of hay that are raked together, in a meadow, before the hay is thrown into heaps;) it exactly describes the vapour, as it appeared in some places on the lake, and I knew no other word that did.

than the general ridge of the mountains, and formed by the intersecting curves of two declivities.

Precisely through this place were poured upon us the first rays, which darted down, as if in lines of burnished gold, diverging and distinct as in a diagram; the ridge of the eastern mountains was fringed with fire for many a mile; the numerous islands, so elegantly sprinked through the lake, and which recently appeared and disappeared through the rolling clouds of mist, now received the direct rays of the sun, and formed so many gilded gardens; at last came the sun, "rejoicing in his strength," and, as he raised the upper edge of his burning disk into view, in a circle of celestial fire, the sight was too glorious to behold; it seemed, as the full orb was disclosed, as if he looked down with complacency, into one of the most beautiful spots in this lower world, and, as if gloriously representing his great Creator, he pronounced "it all very good." I certainly never before saw the sun rise with such majesty. I have not exaggerated the effect, and, without doubt, it arises principally from the fact, that Lake George is so completely environed by a barrier of high mountains, that it is in deep shade, while the world around is in light, and the sun, already risen for some time, does not dart a single ray upon this imprisoned lake, till having gained a considerable elevation, he bursts, all at once, over the fiery ridge of the eastern mountains, and pours, not a horizontal, but a descending flood of light, which, instantly piercing the deep shadows that rest on the lake, and on the western side of the eastern barrier, thus produces the finest possible effects of contrast. When the sun had attained a little height above the mountain, we observed a curious effect; a perfect cone of light, with its base towards the sun, lay upon the water, and, from the vertex of the cone, which reached half across the lake, there shot out a delicate line of parallel rays, which reached the western shore, and the whole very perfectly represented a gilded steeple. As this effect is opposite to the common form of the sun's effulgence, it must probably depend upon some peculiarities in the shape of the summits of the mountains at this place.

REMARKS ON LAKE GEORGE AND ITS EVIRONS.

Every one has heard of the transparency of the waters of Lake George. This transparency is, indeed, very remarkable, and the same, (as we might indeed well suppose it would be,) is the fact with all the streams that pour into it. After the daylight became strong, we could see the bottom perfectly, in most places were we rowed, and it is said, that in fishing, even in twenty or twenty-five feet of water, the angler may select his

fish, by bringing the hook near the mouth of the one which he prefers.

Bass and trout are among the most celebrated fish of the lake; the latter were now in season, and nothing of the kind can be finer; this beautiful fish, elegantly decorated, and gracefully formed, shy of observation, rapid in its movements, and delighting, above all, in the perfect purity of its element, finds in Lake George a residence most happily adapted to its nature. Here it attains a very uncommon size, and exhibits its most perfect beauty and symmetry. The delicate carnation of its flesh is here also most remarkable, and its flavour exquisite.

If the lovers of the sublime and beautiful visit the Lake George for its scenery, and the patriotic to behold the places where their fathers stemmed the tide of savage invasion; the epicure also will come, not to cherish the tender and the heroic, nor to admire the picturesque and the grand, but to enjoy the native luxuries of the place.

The lake is about a mile wide near its head, and is sometimes wider, sometimes narrower than this, but rarely exceeding two miles, through its length of thirty-six miles. It is said to contain as many islands as there are days in the year.

I had scarcely any opportunities of observing the mineralogy and geology of this region.

The beautiful crystals of quartz, which all strangers obtain at Lake George, are got on the island in the lake; one about four miles from its head, (and called, of course, the *diamond* island,) has been principally famous for affording them; there is a solitary miserable cottage upon this island, from which we saw the smoke ascending;—a woman, who lives in it, is facetiously called "the lady of the lake," but probably no Malcolm Greme, and Rhoderic Dhu will ever contend on her account.

Crystals are now obtained from other islands, I believe, more than from this, and they are said no longer to find the single loose crystals in abundance on the shores, but break up the rocks for this purpose. Poor people occupy themselves in procuring crystals, which they deposit at the public house for sale.

The crystals of Lake George are hardly surpassed by any in the world, for transparency, and for perfection of form; they are, as usual, the six-sided prism, and frequently terminated at both ends by six-sided pyramids. These last must, of course, be found loose, or, at least, not adhering to any rock; those which are broken off have necessarily only one pyramid. I procured specimens of the rocky matrix, in which the crystals are formed; it is of quartzoze nature, and contains cavities finely studded with crystals.

The crystals of Lake George frequently contain a dark co-

loured foreign substance, enclosed all around, or partially so; its nature, I believe, has not been ascertained; it may be manganese, titanium, or iron.

I had no opportunity to see the rocks, except those on which Fort George stand, and which form the barrier of the lake, at its head; they are a dove-coloured, compact lime-stone, of a very close grain, and smooth conchoidal fracture; they very much resemble the marble of Middlebury, (Vermont,) and, I suppose, belong to the transition class. I could get no view of the rocks of the two lateral barriers, but, from what I afterwards saw, I concluded they are primitive, and probably (at least the eastern one,) gneiss.

The vulgar, about the lake, say, that in some places *it has no bottom;* by which, doubtless, ought to be understood, that it is in some places so deep as not to be fathomed by their lines; I know of no attempts to ascertain its greatest depth.

The mountains are extensively, or rather almost universally, in dense forest; rattle-snakes and deer abound upon them, and hunting is still pursued here with success.

I was credibly informed, that, a few years since, there was a man in this vicinity, who had the singular power, and the still stranger temerity, to catch *living* rattle-snakes with his naked hands, without wounding the snakes, or being wounded by them; he used to accumulate numbers of them in this manner, for curiosity, or for sale, and for a long time persisted, uninjured, in this audacious practice; but, at last, the awful fate, which all but himself had expected, overtook him; he was bitten, and died. Surely no motive, except one springing from the highest moral duty, could have justified such an exposure.

In some places, the mountains, contiguous to the shores, are rocky and precipitous. Tradition relates, that a white man, closely pursued, in the winter season, by two Indians, contrived to reach the ice on the surface of the lake, by letting himself down one of these precipices, and, before the Indians could follow, he was on his skaits, and darting "swift as the winds along," was soon out of their reach.

I am not informed that the height of the mountains about Lake George has ever been measured; they appeared to my eye, generally, to exceed one thousand feet, and probably the highest may be fifteen hundred or more

The wreck of a steam-boat, recently burnt to the water's edge, lay near the tavern: it gave great facility in going up this beautiful lake to Ticonderoga; parties and individuals were much in the habit of making this tour; and were there a good road, instead of a very bad one, from Glenn's Fall to Lake George,

and were the steam-boat re-established, it must become as great a resort as the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, or as Lock Katrin, now immortalized by the muse of Scott.

The village of Caldwell, built entirely since the American war, contains five or six hundred inhabitants, with neat buildings, public and private, and a very large commodious public-house, well provided and attended, so that strangers visiting the lake can have every desired accommodation. This village, I am informed, has arisen principally from the exertions of one enterprising individual, from whom it derives its name, as well as its existence. He has lived to see his labours crowned with success, and a pretty village now smiles at the foot of the western barrier of Lake George, on ground where the iron ramparts of war are still visible; for, on this very ground, the Marquis Montcalm's army was entrenched, at the siege of Fort William Henry, in 1757.

BATTLES OF LAKE GEORGE.

In the wars of this country, Lake George has long been conspicuous. Its head-waters formed the shortest and most convenient connexion between Canada and the Hudson, and hence the establishment of Fort William Henry, in 1755, and in more recent times, of Fort George, in its immediate vicinity.

This most beautiful and peaceful lake, environed by mountains, and seeming to claim an exemption from the troubles of an agitated world, has often bristled with the proud array of war, has wafted its most formidable preparations on its bosom, and has repeatedly witnessed both the splendors and the havoc of battle.

Large armies have been more than once embarked on Lake George, proceeding down it on their way to attack Ticonderoga and Crown Point; this was the fact with the army of Abercrombie, consisting of nearly sixteen thousand men, including nine thousand troops from the colonies, and a very formidable train of artillery, which, on the 5th of July, 1758, embarked at the south-end of Lake George, on-board of one hundred and twenty-five whale-boats, and nine hundred batteaux.

What an armament for that period of this country! What a spectacle on such a narrow quiet lake! It is said by an eye witness to have been a most imposing sight. Little did this proud army imagine, that within two days they would sustain before Ticonderoga a most disastrous defeat, with the loss of nearly two thousand men, and of Lord Howe,* one of their most beloved and promising leaders, and that they would so

* Father of the Howe who figured so much during the revolutionary war.

soon return up the lake in discomfiture and disgrace. In July, of the next summer, (1759,) Lake George was again covered with an armament, little inferior in numbers to that of General Abercrombie, but vastly superior in success; for Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned at its approach, and General Amherst, its fortunate leader, obtained an almost bloodless victory.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

THE remains of this old fort are still visible; they are on the verge of the lake, at its head; the walls, the gate, and the outworks can still be completely traced; the ditches have, even now, considerable depth, and the well that supplied the garrison is there, and affords water to this day; near, and in this fort, much blood has been shed.

THE BLOODY POND.

JUST by the present road, and in the midst of these battle-grounds, is a circular pond, shaped exactly like a bowl; it may be two hundred feet in diameter, and was, when I saw it, *full of water, and covered with the pond-lilly*. Alas! this pond, now so peaceful, was the common sepulchre of the brave; the dead bodies of most of those who were slain on this eventful day were thrown, in undistinguished confusion, into this pond; from that time to the present, it has been called the *Bloody Pond*, and there is not a child in this region, but will point you to the French mountain, and to the Bloody Pond.—I stood with dread upon its brink, and threw a stone into its unconscious waters. After these events, a regular fort was constructed at the head of the lake, and called Fort William Henry.

MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

THE three battles of September 6th, were not the end of the tragedies of Lake George. The Marquis de Montcalm, after three ineffectual attempts upon Fort William Henry, made great efforts to besiege it in form, and in August, 1757, having landed ten thousand men near the fort, summoned it to surrender. The place of his landing was shewn me, a little north of the public-house; the remains of his batteries and other works are still visible; and the graves and bones of the slain are occasionally discovered.

He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works were garrisoned by three thousand men, and were most gallantly defended by the commander, Colonel Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate; but the most honourable terms were granted to Colonel Monroe, in consideration of his great gallantry. The bursting of the great guns, the want of ammu-

D. Wadsworth W. Read Sc.

LAKE GEORGE,

from the Village of Caldwell

D. Wadsworth W. Read Sc.

MONTE-VIDEO,

Approach to the House.

nition, and, above all, the failure of General Webb to succour the fort, although he lay idle at Fort Edward with four thousand men, were the causes of this catastrophe.

The capitulation was, however, most shamefully broken; the Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out of the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood—they plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children, with circumstances of the most aggravated barbarity.* The massacre continued all along the road, through the defile of the mountains, and for many miles, the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, were tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood; it might well be called the *bloody defile*, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles, only two years before, in 1755. It is said that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained, and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward, pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops. I passed over the whole of the ground upon which this tragedy was acted, and the oldest men of the country still remember this deed of guilt and infamy.

Fort William Henry was levelled by Montcalm, and has never been rebuilt. Fort George was built as a substitute for it, on a more commanding scite, and although often mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, was not I believe the scene of any very memorable event.

WHITEHALL—THE CANAL.

The canal terminates twenty-two miles from Fort Edward, at Whitehall, where they are now constructing a lock, with handsome massy hewn-stone. There is a considerable descent to the surface of Lake Champlain, and Wood Creek, whose mouth and that of the canal are side by side, here rushes down a considerable rapid with some grandeur. This is the place formerly called the Falls of Wood Creek, at Skeensborough.

As Wood Creek is really a river, navigable by larger boats than those which will probably pass on the canal, and as the canal and river from Fort Anne, a distance of about ten or eleven miles, are often close together, so that a stone might be

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* Men and women had their throats cut, their bodies ripped open, and their bowels, with insult, thrown in their faces.—Infants and children were barbarously taken by the heels, and their brains dashed out against stones and trees. The Indians pursued the English nearly half the way to Fort Edward, where the greatest number of them arrived in a most forlorn condition.

thrown from the one to the other, a traveller does not at once see why the larger natural canal should, with vast expense, be deserted for the smaller artificial one. Perhaps the shortening of distance, by avoiding the numerous windings of the creek—the obtaining of a better horse-road for dragging the boats—security from the effects of floods and drought, in altering the quantity of water—and the securing of a more adequate supply of water for that part of the canal between Fort Anne and the Hudson, may be among the reasons, and in either case, there must be locks at Whitehall. However this may be, I cannot doubt that some good reason must have influenced those who directed this undertaking, although it may not be obvious to a stranger.*

WHITEHALL PORT.

THIS is a well-built and apparently thriving little place, situated on both branches of the muddy Wood Creek, which on its way to the gulf of St. Lawrence sluggishly flows through the village, till it makes its escape into Lake Champlain; it then tumbles down a steep declivity, over a bed of rocks, and foams, and roars, as if in exultation at making its escape from its own Lethean channel.

Whitehall, anciently called Skeensborough, was famous in General Burgoyne's campaign. Here he destroyed the little American flotilla, in July, 1777, and the baggage and stores of the American army; and here he had his head-quarters for some time, while preparing to pass his army and heavy-artillery overland to Fort Edward

Whitehall is situated at the bottom of a narrow defile in the mountains, and has the bustle and crowded aspect of a port, without the quiet and cleanliness of a village. Some of the houses are situated on elevations and declivities, and some in the bottom of the vale—some are of wood, and others of brick, but I was gratified to see many of them handsomely constructed of stone—of the fine gneiss rock which abounds here—the two

* As I walked along, I interrogated a plain man, (apparently a substantial farmer,) through whose possessions the canal passed, why they dug the canal by the side of Wood Creek, which appeared of itself to be sufficient. He replied, with a good deal of petulant warmth, that it was to cut up people's land, and to expend a great deal of money, and thus to buy influence and votes, and that this part of the canal was perfectly useless. I mention the circumstance, not as entering at all into this man's views, or as supposing him the least in the right, but merely to give a specimen of a species of local irritation, which I believe is not uncommon in similar cases, where farms are intersected by canals, or by new turnpike-roads, or where these facilities for transportation give a new direction to travelling or to trade, or alter the estimated value of property.

parts of the town are connected by a bridge over Wood Creek. The population of this town is between two and three thousand, and the village contains a Presbyterian meeting-house, four warehouses, ten stores, and more than one hundred dwelling-houses.*

The fever and ague is now very prevalent here, and many sallow faces and feeble frames are to be seen about the streets.

The country, both up Wood-Creek and down the lake, contiguous to the town, looks as if it might nourish fever and ague, but the inhabitants deny that it is their inheritance, and profess to consider the visitation of this summer as fortuitous. I am afraid that their canal, with its stagnant waters, will not help them to more health. A thick fog prevailed here most of the time that we were in the place, and rendered it uncomfortable to move out of doors till the middle of the forenoon, when it blew away.

This will probably become a considerable place, situated as it is at the head of the lake navigation, and at the point of communication between the Hudson and Lake Champlain. It derives some little importance from the small navy maintained on the lake in time of war; there is a small naval arsenal here, and, at present, there are a few naval officers and men at this station.

THE OLD MAN OF THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem-road to Albany, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Essex*, but doubtless this is not the orthography, and the place was, probably, some obscure village, which may not be noticed in maps and gazetteers.

Having a few hours to spare, before the departure of the steam-boat for St. John's, in Canada, we rode out to see (probably) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up-stairs, at his daily work of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a-day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up-stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and although his person is rather delicate and slen-

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

der, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and considering that they have endured through one-third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow-white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper-jaw: his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally; and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle-life; his voice is strong and sweet-toned, although a little tremulous: his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eye-sight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title-page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account, it must have been in consequence of the persecutions of the French Protestants, or Hugonots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutchwoman, five years before he was born, and before that event, returned with her into France. When he was five years old his father again fled on account of "de religion," as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities.) He says he well remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter; for he recollects that, as they were descending a hill, which was covered with snow, he cried out to his father, "O fader, do go back and get my little carriole,"—(a little boy's sliding sledge or sleigh.)

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact, for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old style. His father, (as he asserts) after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France, by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and, afterwards in England, where he resided with his family at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and, therefore, to have completed his hundred

and thirty-third year on the 11th of last June; of course, he is now more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this time, multitudes of French Protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV., resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which occurred October 12, 1685, and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution, or rigor, to prevent emigration, it is well known that for years multitudes continued to make their escape, and that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco, if he *saw* Queen Anne crowned; he replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, "Ah! dat I did, and a fine looking woman she was too, as any dat you will see now a-days." *

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out with his father from England to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

He said, pathetically, when pressed for accounts of his military experience, "O, I was in all Queen Anne's wars; I was at Niagara, at Oswego, on the Ohio, (in Braddock's defeat in 1755, where he was wounded.) I was carried prisoner to Quebec, (in the revolutionary war, when he must have been at least ninety years old.) I fight in all sorts of wars, all my life; I see dreadful trouble; and den to have dem we tought our friends, turn tories; and the British too, and fight against ourselves, O dat was de worst of all."

He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems that, during the revolutionary war, he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the tories burnt his house, and barn, and four hundred bushels of grain; this, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was murdered.

He has had two wives, and twenty-one children; the youngest child is the daughter, in whose house he now lives, and she is fifty-two years old; of course, he was eighty-two when she was born; they suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio, but

* For an unlettered man, he has very few *gallic* peculiarities, and those the common ones, such as d for th, &c.

they have not heard of them in several years. The family were neighbours to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death.

They said, that the lover (Mr. Jones) at first vowed vengeance against the Indians, but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout-framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining almost entirely from animal food; his favourite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said, that, after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly that he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a-day.

The old man manifested a great deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased as we treated him with respect and kindness; he often shed tears, and particularly when, on coming away, we gave him money; he looked up to heaven, and fervently thanked God, but did not thank us; he, however, pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in another world. He appeared to have religious impressions on his mind, notwithstanding his pretty frequent exclamations when animated, of, "Good God! O, my God!" which appeared, however, not to be used in levity, and were probably acquired in childhood, from the almost colloquial "Mon Dieu," &c. of the French. The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well-furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands

with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since;* who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and *in the century before the last*, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV., and who has lived *a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!*

What an interview! it is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which they told us had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers to endure for years yet to come.

PASSAGE DOWN LAKE-CHAMPLAIN.

The carriage and horses were received on-board the steam-boat at Whitehall, an accommodation which we had not expected; and thus we avoided the inconvenience of having them go around by land to Burlington, in Vermont, to wait our return from Canada. The steam-boat lay in a wild glen, immediately under a high, precipitous, rocky hill, and not far from the roaring outlet of Wood Creek; we almost drop down upon the port all on a sudden, and it strikes one like an interesting discovery, in a country so wild and so far inland as to present, in other respects, no nautical images or realities.

We left Whitehall between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, in the Congress, a neat and rapid boat, and the only one remaining on the lake, since the late awful catastrophe of the Phœnix.

The lake, for many miles, after it receives Wood Creek, is, in fact, nothing more than a narrow sluggish river, passing, without apparent motion, among high, rocky, and even mountainous ridges, between whose feet and the lake there is generally a considerable extent of low, wet, marshy ground, of a most unpromising appearance for any purpose, but to produce fever and ague, unless, by and by, it should, by dykeing and ditching, be rescued, like Holland, from the dominion of the water, and converted to the purposes of agriculture.

The channel through which we passed is, for miles, so narrow, that the steam-boat could scarcely put about in it, and there seemed hardly room for the passage of the little sloops, which we frequently met going up to Whitehall. At the very head of this natural canal lie moored to the bank, stem and stern,

the flotillas* of Macdonough and Downie, now, by the catastrophe of battle, united into one.

As we passed rapidly by, a few seamen shewed their heads through the grim port-holes, from which, five years ago, the cannon poured fire and death, and we caught a glimpse of the decks, that were then covered with the mutilated and the slain, and deluged with their generous blood.

Sparless, black, and frowning, these now dismantled ships look like the coffins of the brave, and will remain as long as worms and rot will allow them, sad monuments of the bloody conflict.

Our passage down the lake presented nothing particularly interesting, except the grandeur of the double barrier of mountains which, although much inferior in height to those of Lake George, are still very bold and commanding.

It seems as if the lake had been poured into the only natural basin, of magnitude, which exists in this mountainous region, and as if its boundaries were irrevocably fixed by the impassable barriers of rocks and alpine land.

The mountains, particularly on the eastern side, presenting to the eye their naked precipitous cliffs, composed of the edges of the strata, were evidently (almost without exception) gneiss. This was the fact also from Lake George to Lake Champlain, and at Whitehall, notwithstanding the assertion of a late English traveller,† that they are lime-stone. At Whitehall the rocks have a very beautiful stratification; the hills appear as if cracked in two, and one part being removed, we have a fine vertical section: both their horizontal and perpendicular divisions resemble a regular piece of masonry, and this is the prevailing fact as we pass down the lake.

The dip of these strata of gneiss, which is the east, is very moderate, not exceeding a few degrees, and this appeared to be the general fact. On our ride from Fort Anne to Whitehall, the road passed down one of the natural declivities formed by the dip of the rock; for several hundred feet to the right and left, and in the direction of the road, the carriage rattled over this perfectly naked and smooth natural pavement. I had, to-day,

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* It was a great piece of self-denial to me not to go on-board of this flotilla, but (a circumstance which I should not otherwise mention) I was, all the time we were at Whitehall, and, indeed, all the way to Montreal, in a state of severe suffering, from an ague in my face and head, which obliged me to avoid the damp air and the damp meadows where the flotilla lay moored to the natural bank of the creek.

† Lieutenant Hall, whose book is generally a manly and interesting performance, but sometimes inaccurate on geological topics.

no opportunity to land to inspect the rocks, but, as the boat often passed very near the cliffs, sometimes within a few yards, I was sufficiently satisfied concerning their general nature, and that the country was highly primitive.

During our passage of twenty-five miles to Ticonderoga, we had a fine descending sun shining in full strength upon the bold scenery of the lake, and that I might enjoy it undisturbed by the bustle of a crowded deck, I took my seat in the carriage, where I was protected equally from the fumes of the boat and the chill of the air, and could at my leasure catch every variety of images, and all the changes of scenery, that were passing before me. It was with very great regret that I found we could not stop, even for a moment, at Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and it was not till I had devised and dismissed several abortive plans for leaving the boat and getting on afterwards, or in some other way, that I submitted to pass these interesting places.

The sun setting in splendour shot his last beams over Mount Defiance as we came in sight of it, and the commencing twilight, softened by the first approaches of evening, which was not yet so far advanced as to throw objects into obscurity, cast a pensive veil over the scite and ruins of

TICONDEROGA.

The remains of this celebrated fortress, once so highly important, but no longer an object either of hope or fear, are still considerably conspicuous. As we came up with, and, from the narrowness of the lake, necessarily passed very near them, I was gratified as much as I could be, without landing, by a view of their ruins, still imposing in their appearance, and possessing, with all their associations, a high degree of heroic grandeur.

They stand on a tongue of land of considerable elevation, projecting south, between Lake Champlain, which winds around and passes on the east, and the passage into Lake George, which is on the west. The remains of the old works are still conspicuous, and the old stone barracks, erected by the French, are in part standing. This fort was built by the French; and Lord Howe and many other gallant men lost their lives in the attempt to storm it, in 1758. From this fortress issued many of those ferocious incursions of French and Indians, which formerly distressed the English settlements; and its fall, in 1759, when, on the approach of General Amherst with a powerful army, it was abandoned by the French without fighting, filled the northern colonies with joy.

In 1777, great hopes were reposed upon this fortress as a barrier against invasion; it was regarded as being emphatically the

strong hold of the north; and when General Burgoyne, with astonishing effort, dragged cannon up the precipices of Mount Defiance, and shewed them on its summit, Ticonderoga, no longer tenable, was precipitately abandoned.

Mount Defiance stands on the outlet of Lake George, and between that and Lake Champlain, and most completely commands Ticonderoga, which is far below, and within fair cannon-shot. On the slightest glance at the scene, it is matter of utter astonishment, even to one who is not a military man, how so important a point came to be overlooked by all preceding commanders: probably it arose from the belief, which ought not to have been admitted till the experiment had been tried, that it was impossible to convey cannon to its summit. On the right is Mount Independence, where there was a formidable fort at the time of General Burgoyne's invasion.

The shadows of the night were descending on the venerable Ticonderoga as we left it, and when I looked upon its walls and environs, so long and so often clustering with armies—formidable for so great a length of time in all the apparatus and preparations of war, and the object of so many campaigns and battles; but now exhibiting only one solitary smoke, curling from a stone chimney in its half-fallen barracks, with not one animated being in sight; while its massy ruins, and the beautiful green declivities, sloping on all sides to the water, were still and motionless as death, I felt, indeed, that I was beholding a striking emblem of the mutability of power, and of the fluctuations of empire. Ticonderoga, no longer within the confines of a hostile country—no longer a rallying-point for ferocious savages, and for formidable armies—no more a barrier against invasion, or an object of siege or assault, has now become only a pasture for cattle.

At Ticonderoga the lake takes a sudden but short turn to the right, and forms a small bay, with Mount Defiance on the left, Mount Independence on the right, and Ticonderoga in front. This scene is very fine, and the whole outline of the spot—the mountains near, and the mountains at a distance—the shores—the bay—and the ruins, all unite to make a very grand landscape.

Night was upon us before we were up with Crown Point, that other scarcely less celebrated, or less important fortress. The moon served only to enable me dimly to see undefined masses of stone and earth, as a bystander observed, "there are the ruins of Crown Point!"

Almost every thing that has been said historically of Ticonderoga is applicable to Crown Point, only there has not been much blood shed before its walls. This fortress also was built by the French; it was equally annoying to the English colonies as Ticonderoga; its reduction was as ardently desired, and as

many campaigns were undertaken for this purpose. Like Ticonderoga it was retained by the French till 1759, when it was quietly abandoned by them, and Lord Amherst, on taking possession of it, built an entire new fortress of stone, and made it much more formidable than before.

A NIGHT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The recent loss of the Phœnix, and the tragical events by which it was accompanied, might well have caused us some anxiety in the prospect of a night-passage on the lake; but the weather was fine and the water smooth, and we had a good boat, furnished with a gentleman's cabin on deck. As I was, however, scarcely able to sleep at all, I passed most of the night in the carriage, both as being a pleasant situation, and as affording me some opportunity of observing the fire, the management of which I was willing enough to see. I am sorry to say, that I was disappointed in not observing that anxious vigilance which, after the late dreadful occurrence, we should naturally expect to find. Large piles of pine-wood, very dry of course, and also very hot, from their being placed near the furnace and boilers, occupied the middle of the vessel. A candle was placed by one of the people on a projecting end of a stick of this wood. It had burned nearly down, and a fresh north wind blew the flame directly towards and almost against the pine-slivers, which were very dry and full of turpentine, and therefore in a condition to catch fire with the greatest ease. Happily, from the contiguous carriage-window, Mr. W——— observed this threatening candle, and after some importunity with the people, (who seemed very indifferent to the danger,) succeeded in having it removed. It might, very naturally, have caused the Congress to share the fate of the Phœnix, which was burnt by a candle placed in a situation of less apparent danger; that is, near a shelf in a closet, where it communicated fire to the board.*

We found one other unpleasant circumstance: the boat stopped several times, at different places, on the two shores of the lake, to deliver and receive freight, and our captain being extremely dilatory, we were delayed one and two hours at a place.

SCENERY, PLATTSBURGH, &c.

At three o'clock in the morning we stopped at Burlington, and left the carriage and horses with the young man to take care of them till our return from Canada. It was day-light before we left this place, and the morning presented a scene so similar

* On our return we found the Congress under a new captain, and a much more strict police, which left no farther room to complain of negligence.

to Long Island Sound, that we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were on fresh water. Although the weather was fair, and we could see the most distant shores, the high mountains were hardly distinguishable, being shrouded in vapour.

Early in the forenoon we were in Plattsburgh Bay, and passed over the scene of Commodore Macdonough's brilliant victory; an event singularly decisive in its circumstances, momentous in its results, and honourable in the highest degree to that able and gallant commander.

At this memorable place, (the only one since we left Ticonderoga and Crown Point, where a long delay would have been grateful,) we had time only to walk a little way towards the village, and to visit one of the batteries, signalised in September, 1814, in repelling the enemy from the passage of the Saranac. Dr. L. Foot,* of the army, caused the little time we had to spend, to pass both agreeably and usefully; but we were soon again under way, and doubling Cumberland Head, round which the brave but unfortunate Commodore Downie sailed, to defeat and death, we left the beautiful bay of Plattsburgh, with all its grand and interesting associations.

ENTRANCE INTO CANADA.

Our passage down the remainder of the lake was very rapid, and we soon arrived at the American Custom-house; the boat was visited, but our baggage was not examined, and we were treated with the greatest civility.

This ceremony (for it was a *ceremony* merely) being over, we were very soon abreast of the great stone castle, resembling that on Governor's Island, at New-York. It was erected by the American government, on Rouse's Point, upon the western-side of the entrance into the river Sorel or Richelieu, and was designed to command the communication between that river and Lake Champlain. In consequence of a late determination that the boundary-line (the 45th degree of latitude,) passes a little south of this castle, it now falls to the British government.

The current favoured our progress, and we pushed on very impetuously through the quiet waters of this very considerable river, whose smooth surface was thrown into waves by our rapid course. The country on both sides is the most uninteresting that can be well imagined. It is a low wet swamp, not redeemed like Holland, but, to a considerable extent, too much covered by water to admit of immediate cultivation. A few patches of clear and dry land, and a few poor hamlets appear here and there, but there is no village worth mentioning in the whole

* A friend, and for several years a pupil.

distance of twenty miles to St. John's. The land appears to the eye as if it were even lower than the water, and we naturally think of fevers and agues, which, however, are said to be of rare occurrence, and are probably prevented by a temperate climate. At some future day, should this country become populous, this low marshy land, which is probably fertile, may be rescued from the water, by the same means which have caused such scenes of richness and beauty to be exhibited in Holland.

The only very interesting object in the river is the Isle aux Noix, eleven miles from the frontier, and eight or nine from St. John's. The glitter of arms—the splendour of the British uniform—the imposing appearance of ramparts and cannon—the beauty of the log barracks of the officers, painted in stripes—and the bustle of military activity, of course excited a degree of interest, and afforded an agreeable relief from the dull scenes of forests and swamps.

The Isle aux Noix is important in time of war, as being the frontier British post, and has been many times a point of rendezvous for armies and flotillas, not only for the invaders, but for the defenders of Canada.

We both left and received passengers at this island, but without going ourselves on-shore, and less than one hour from the time we left it brought us to the wharf at St. John's, in Lower Canada: we arrived before night on the 30th of September, ten days from our leaving Hartford.*

ST. JOHN'S, AND DEPARTURE FOR MONTREAL.

St. John's.—I SCARCELY saw any thing more of this little town than what might be observed in passing to the inn, where we found attention and kindness, but a house so crowded that we were very willing to leave it on our way to Montreal.

We did not go with most of our steam-boat companions in the stage, which went on in the night, to La Prarie, but the next morning were furnished with an extra conveyance, in which we proceeded on our journey. There are good stages at St. John's, exactly like the most common kind of American stage-coaches, or rather stage-waggons, and they are furnished with good horses. Indeed, we were informed that these establishments were set up by Americans, whose enterprise and activity are remarkably contrasted with the unvarying habits of the native Canadians.

The private carriage in which we travelled was an old fashioned hack, such as might have been seen in American towns

* Such is the expedition of the public vehicles, that this distance may be travelled in three days.

twenty or twenty-five years ago; the canvass curtians, (without windows,) were torn, had few or no strings to secure them in place, and flapping in a brisk head-wind, they served to let in rather than to exclude the cold air, and very imperfectly screened us from a driving rain. Our coachman was a Vermont lad, who had emigrated in childhood, along with his parents, but he had not caught the Canadian tardiness of movement, for he drove us at a great rate, over a road very level but by no means smooth; we were, however, willing to bear pretty severe jolting for the sake of expedition.

We had an interesting ride of twelve miles on the left bank of the Sorel river, which murmured along by our side, and were charmed with the pretty comfortable white cottages, constructed very neatly of hewn logs, and forming apparently dry and warm dwellings. Almost every moment we met the cheerful looking peasants, driving their little carts, (charettes,) drawn by horses of a diminutive size. The men were generally standing up in the body of the cart, with their lighted pipes in their mouths, and wore red or blue sashes and long conical woollen caps of various colours. These carts were furnished with high rails, and occasionally with seats, occupied by females and children; they appeared (like our one-horse-waggons,) to furnish the most common accommodation for transporting both commodities and persons.

We gave our horses a few moments of rest at Chambly, but were prevented by the rain from leaving our inn. I regretted this, however, the less, as we expected to return through the same place, and might be more favourably situated.

We lost no time in resuming our journey, and drove in less than three hours to Longueil, through a perfectly level country, well-cultivated, fertile, considerably populous, and furnished with very neat and comfortable white houses, constructed of hewn logs, like those on the Sorel river. The barns, frequently of a large size, were usually built in the same manner; but the want of good frame-work was very obvious in their frequently distorted appearance.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF MONTREAL.

At the village of Longueil, or a little before arriving there, we caught the first view of Montreal. The first impression of this city is very pleasing. In its turrets and steeples, glittering with tin; in its thickly-built streets, stretching between one and two miles along the river, and rising gently from it; in its environs, ornamented with country-houses and green fields; in the noble expanse of the St. Lawrence, sprinkled with islands; in its foaming and noisy rapids; and in the bold ridge of the mountain, which forms the back-ground of the city, we recognize all

the features necessary to a rich and magnificent landscape, and perceive, among these indications, decisive proofs of a flourishing inland emporium.

PASSAGE OF ST. LAWRENCE.

If we experienced some elevation of feeling at the first view of the St. Lawrence, we were not likely to have our pride cherished by the means which conveyed us over this mighty river. Two Canadian boatmen ferried us over in a canoe, hollowed out of a single log. Our baggage being duly placed, we were desired to sit, face to face, on some clean straw placed on boards, which lay across the bottom of the boat: we were situated thus low, that our weight might not disturb the balance of the canoe, and we were requested to sit perfectly still. Our passage was to be nearly three miles obliquely up stream, and a part of the way against some powerful rapids.

Between us and Montreal, considerably up the stream, lay the brilliant island of St. Helena. It is elevated, commands a fine view of the city, is strongly marked by entrenchments, is fertile, and covered in part with fine timber. It is a domain, and we were much struck with the beautiful situation of the house on the south side of the island, belonging to the Baroness Lonqueil. With the island and river it would form a fine subject for a picture.

Our boatmen conveyed us, without much difficulty, to the southern point of this island, between which and the city, owing to the compression of the river by the island, a powerful rapid rushes along with much agitation, and a current which it is very difficult to stem. At the point of the island, particularly a branch of the river, confined by rocks, dashes along, almost with the rapidity of water bursting from a flood-gate. Through this strait it was necessary to pass, and, for some time, the boat went back, and even after landing us on the island, the canoe was coming around broadside to the current, when we were apprehensive that our baggage must be thrown into the river; but, by main strength, they pushed the boat through this torrent, and along the shore of the island, till the rapid became so moderate, that they ventured again to take us in, and push for the city. It took these poor fellows a toilsome hour to convey us over, and they demanded but a pittance for their services.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MONTREAL.

We mounted a steep slippery bank, from the river, and found ourselves in one of the principal streets of the city. It required no powerful effort of the imagination to conceive that we were arrived in Europe. A town, compactly built of stone, without

wood or brick, indicating permanency, and even a degree of antiquity, presenting some handsome public and private buildings, an active and numerous population, saluting the ear with two languages, but principally with the French—every thing seems foreign, and we easily feel that we are a great way from home.

ACCOMMODATIONS OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

We were no sooner ushered into the mansion-house, a vast building, constructed of hewn stone, than we could easily imagine ourselves in one of the principal coffee-houses of London. Assiduity, kindness, quiet, and, in a word, domestic comfort, in every particular, except the absence of the family circle, were at once in our possession.

The master of the house was an Englishman, and, having been brought up in a London coffee-house, he very naturally transferred all that is desirable and comfortable, in the habits of those establishments, to his own, in Montreal.

Being worn out with suffering, from the cause which I mentioned at Whitehall, I was obliged to betake myself immediately to my room and bed; but I was not permitted to feel that I was a stranger; so kind were the attentions and so appropriate the various little comforts and refreshments that were provided and administered.

The next morning, having obtained complete relief from what I had not expected, superior surgical skill,* I was enabled to begin to enjoy, as well as to see, the new objects around me.

MANNERS OF THE GUESTS.

Dinner here is at five o'clock; soup was ready, however, at almost any previous hour, and we partook of this refreshment, not having been recently accustomed to so late an hour for dinner. We found at table a small party of very respectable men, apparently Englishmen; and we were particularly and agreeably struck with the gentlemanly manners of every individual at table, where, although the guests were strangers to us, and probably most of them to each other, all were polite, attentive, and sociable, without that selfish indifference, or rude familiarity, so common at some public tables, where a correct medium seems hardly to be understood.

The manners of this circle were particularly contrasted with those of a certain group, which we had encountered during our tour, and from which it was impossible, at the time, to make our escape. They were noisy, drinking, swearing, card-playing

* In a mode sufficiently curious and original, which I shall mention further on.

gentlemen, and of all ages, from twenty to sixty, but in their manners so alike, that youth and age were fitly associated.

We began, at evening, to receive the calls of those to whom we had letters, particularly of some of our own countrymen, and obtained at once all the local information which we needed, to direct our immediate movements, and to enable us to form and mature our plans.

EVENING SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The weather being mild and fine, parlour-fires were not yet kindled in Canada, but, as we preferred a fire for ourselves, we retired at candle lighting into a large and well-furnished room, with a bow end, and overlooking a terrace, thirty feet wide and one hundred and forty-four long, which is the length of the house. This terrace is thirty feet above the river, immediately on its brink, and commands a view of it, for many miles up and down the stream, and of the country on the other shore, thus presenting a most delightful prospect. This room was our parlour, while we remained in the house, and we were particularly fond of viewing from its windows, and from the terrace below, the fine scenes of twilight and evening on the St. Lawrence.

We had anticipated some inconvenience in visiting Canada so late in the season, on account of the shortness of the days; but the long and bright twilight, both at morning and evening, made us ample amends, and we found as much light as we left behind us, although less of sunshine. At half-after five, with the sun down, and the moon at the full, in the firmament, we sit at the dinner-table, apparently in broad day-light.

From the moment the sun is down, every thing becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles wide, immediately before us, and a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes for an hour the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over and embellished this tranquil scene; and on two of those evenings we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river; and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sporting insect. In another instance a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few moments after the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and

seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver, and in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

DAY-SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The mere contemplation of a river, presenting such a broad expanse of water, at the distance of five hundred miles from the ocean, is interesting and pleasing. At this season it is a tranquil scene, but the river presents very considerable diversity. On our right it spreads into a broad lake, generally smooth, but in numbers of places it is ruffled by rapids and broken by ledges of rocks; on the left it runs with great rapidity, between the island of St. Helena and the city, and presents at all times a lively and magnificent water-course.

Occasionally, sloops, ships, and steam-boats are seen on the river, either passing rapidly down, or struggling against the current, but the most common craft of the river is of every size, from a small canoe to the largest boats that are built, without decks.

The margin of the river adjoining the city is, at most places where there are no wharfs, lined with floating-rafts and separate logs, intended both for fuel and for timber.

A scene of considerable activity is exhibited immediately before our terrace, by the carts and horses which are driven into the river, as far as is necessary, and frequently till the horses can hardly keep their feet; the object is to obtain the wood, which is thus conveniently loaded, as the body of the cart is as low as the surface of the river; and single sticks, too large for the carts, are drawn out separately by the horses. The carts are also used for the conveyance of water-casks to supply the city; the horses are driven into the water, and the casks are filled, very conveniently, without removing them from the cart.

We frequently observed on the Sorel river the French women washing at the river's edge. The same employment is seen here before our windows. Sometimes the clothes are placed on boards, in the river, and pounded; and at other times, the women dance on them, dashing the water about like ducks, and seemingly as much for frolic as for work. All these employments are attended with much vociferation, and contribute to give life and interest to the quiet scenes of a great inland water.

Some of the circumstances which I have just mentioned are, it is true, trivial, but still they tend to characterise the country and its inhabitants.

PASSAGE TO QUEBEC.

I PURPOSELY omit to make any other remarks on Montreal, till our return from Quebec, when we expect to pass several days more in this city, and the observations of both residences may be so blended as in a good degree to avoid repetition.

We remained in Montreal three days and a half, and went on-board the steam-boat to lodge, on the night of the fourth. We lay quietly at the wharf till one o'clock in the morning of the fifth; and when day-light was fully disclosed, we had passed many miles down the river, and were impelled rapidly forward by the united force of steam and current. The weather, which the day before had been cold, became delightful, with a mild soft air and a brilliant sun. Nothing for a tame scene could be finer than the one which surrounded us after sun-rise. The flat shores are every where studded with white-washed cottages, appearing (like those which we had seen when travelling by land,) to be all warm and comfortable; and, at the distance of every two or three miles, appeared a little snowy village, with its glittering tin spire; if it included a house, a little superior to the cottage, that was also covered with the same material.

TOWN OF SOREL.

EARLY in the forenoon we were at the town of Sorel, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the point of communication between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, and is, of course, a station very important to the countries on these great waters.

At this place we were detained an hour to take in wood, which is here, as in the United States, dry pine. The shore is so bold, that the boat lies at the bank, and this is so high that the wood was thrown down upon the deck, with a good deal of violence, so as to endanger, and actually to break, some of the glass in the sky-lights.

We went on-shore, and walked through the principal streets of the town.

The town of Sorel, or (as it is sometimes called,) William Henry, stands "on the scite of a fort built in the year 1665, by order of Mons. de Tracy;" it was intended as a defence against the incursions of the Indians, and received its name of Sorel from a captain of engineers, who superintended its construction.

The present town was begun about the year 1785, by some loyalists and disbanded soldiers, and it continues to be the residence of many old military pensioners.

Although the plan of the town occupies about one hundred and twenty acres, the number of houses does not much exceed one hundred and fifty, exclusive of stores, barracks, and government buildings.

The plan is regular, and the streets intersect at right angles, leaving a central square of more than five hundred feet on a side.* The town is built principally of wood, and the aspect of many of the buildings is more like that of an Anglo-American town than any thing that we have seen in Canada. The population is about fifteen hundred. The churches are of stone. We visited that of the Catholics, which is somewhat ornamented with pictures, but cannot be considered as particularly handsome. We found people at their devotions, and a priest in attendance.

Sorel was occupied by General Thomas in May, 1776, with the greater part of the American army, on their retreat from before Quebec. Here General Thomas died of the small-pox.

The river Sorel is two hundred and fifty yards broad, opposite to the town, but it presents a singular example of a river much narrower at its embouchure than at its origin: it is more than four times as wide at St. John's as at Sorel, and continues to widen all the way up the stream to the Lake Champlain; from St. John's, there is also a ship navigation into the lake; but, from the town of Sorel, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons ascend only twelve or fourteen miles.†

From the town of Sorel, we proceeded among a great many islands, and after passing a few miles entered that great expanse of the river, which is ten miles wide, and twenty miles long, and is called the Lake of St. Peter. It has, indeed, a very great resemblance to a lake, being smooth and without apparent motion.

We felt as we had done in Lake Champlain, that this must be Long-Island sound, and here, indeed, the resemblance is much greater, as the water is green like the ocean. The water is of course shallow, and some caution is necessary to avoid running aground. The shores are very flat and swampy, and in a hot climate would probably be sickly.

At the large town of Three Rivers, where we arrived by three o'clock in the afternoon, and which is half-way between Montreal and Quebec, we stopped in the stream a few minutes to take in passengers. There were some ships lying at this place, but there is no harbour, other than the stream, nor did I observe any accommodation for ships, except the naked banks of the river. This town is the third in the province, but very far

* Bouchette. † Bouchette.

behind the other two; it contains about three hundred and twenty houses, and two thousand five hundred inhabitants; it extends about one thousand three hundred yards along the river, and was founded in 1618.*

Proceeding down the river, we continued to enjoy a delightful days's sail, with a perfect Indian summer. Mr. W——— and myself had a large state-room to ourselves, where we could retire in perfect seclusion, whenever we did not choose to be among the passengers, who, however, were few and civil, and as the boat was very large, we had none of the inconveniences of a crowd. I occupied a good deal of the day in writing, as the scenery had a very great degree of sameness, and from the windows I could catch a glimpse of its changes, so as to go seasonably on deck, and not to lose any important object.

Towards evening, when we were just above the Richelieu Rapids, and the surface of the river extremely smooth, the captain pointed out a large seal, sleeping on the water, at the distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards. He fired at it five or six times, without effect; we could see the balls strike the water very near the seal, but the animal did not even awake, or change its position.

As the rapids of Richelieu, where the river is very narrow, and the current rushes tumultuously over a rocky bottom, are esteemed dangerous for night navigation, and as it was already evening, we cast anchor to wait the return of day. This was just what we could have wished, for, had we continued on our course, we must have arrived at Quebec in the night, and thus have lost the noble scenery of the approach to this city. We had also the additional advantage of a night of perfect quiet and security, undisturbed by the jar of the machinery, or the trampling of the people. Indeed, had we been in motion, we should have felt very secure at night, for the fire and the boiler were as far from us as the whole length of a common European ship, and no accident has ever happened in this river.

In the morning we were again under weigh, as soon as we could see sufficiently to avoid the rocks, which are so numerous here, that day-light is almost indispensable to a safe passage. It was a perfect May morning, with the finest softest splendor of an Indian summer, so that we had every inducement and every opportunity to observe the various interesting objects that occurred. By this time we had become familiar and acquainted with several of our fellow-passengers, among whom were English military and naval men, Quebec merchants, and a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. The latter came on-board at the Three

* Bouchette.

Rivers, and appeared a mild and amiable man. From our other companions, to whom we made known our country, and our views in travelling, we received every desired information, and the most obliging civilities. The military gentlemen particularly were very courteous, and as they were not only acquainted with Canada, but had seen much of other countries, and of foreign military adventures, they were very interesting and instructive. One of them had witnessed in person some of Wellington's victories; and another, a man of most original and attractive character, and apparently of *warm piety*, had been not less occupied in the East-Indies, in promoting schemes of benevolence than in the pursuit of arms. Having been warned that Quebec would burst upon us, all of a sudden, and that we were drawing near to it, our eyes now gazed in no other direction, and our thoughts became entirely fixed upon that object.

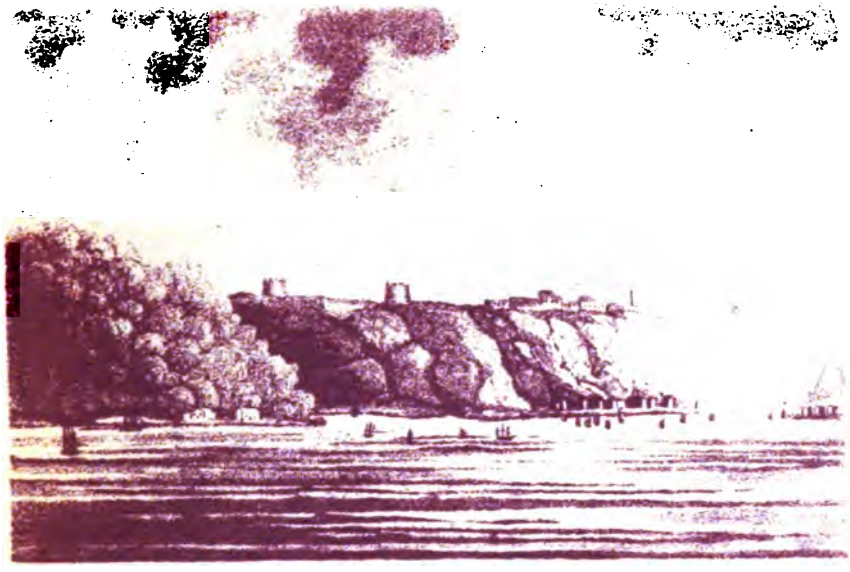
APPROACH TO QUEBEC.

Oct. 6.—THIS seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war—who could approach such a city without emotion?—Who in America has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec?

On approaching this city, about the middle of the day, we enjoyed the most propitious circumstances of light and weather. From Cape Rouge, on our left, (seven miles above Quebec,) there is an uninterrupted range of high ground, rising even into hills and precipices. Cape Rouge is so called from its red colour—the precipitous bank being stained, probably, by oxid of iron, so as to give it for miles a reddish hue.

The land grew higher and higher; we passed the mouth of the Chaudiere river, six miles from Quebec, on our right, where a number of ships were waiting to take in timber, and we watched every moment for the appearance of the great fortress of the north, while one of our military acquaintances pointed out to us the various interesting objects as we came up with them in succession. At length we descried the towers of Quebec, standing on a rock of three hundred and forty feet in height, measured from the river.

I have already remarked, that the banks (especially the north one) are for miles above the city very precipitous, and they grow more so the nearer we approach. About two miles from Quebec we were shewn Sillery river and cove, and within one mile, or a mile and a half of the city, Wolfe's cove, now filled



D. Wadsworth W. Read Sc.

Approach to **QUEBEC**, from the **S. W.**

D. Wadsworth W. Read Sc.

LAKE GEORGE.

from Fort George

with lumber and ships. This name has been derived from the fact, that here General Wolfe, under cover of night, landed his army, unperceived by the French, and clambering up the precipice gained the heights of Abraham.

Three round towers of stone, mounted with cannon and standing on these heights, in advance of the other works of Quebec, are the first objects that strike the eye; then the high walls of stone, covered with heavy artillery, and which, as we come nearer to the city, we perceive to extend all along, upon the verge of the precipice, of naked rock, of more than three hundred feet in height, which divides the lower from the upper-town. On our right was the ground on the south-eastern side of the river, called Point Levi. This also is a precipice of rock, but rather less elevated than Cape Diamond, on which the citadel of Quebec is built. Point Levi is now covered with brilliant white houses. In the year 1759 General Monckton, by order of General Wolfe, erected his batteries there, to bombard Quebec.

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Arrived in the bay of Quebec, we found it swarming with ships, and presenting every appearance of a great seat of commerce. The bay is a beautiful piece of water, looking like a perfect lake, with most nobly-formed swelling shores. It is bounded by the ground just mentioned—by the Isle of Orleans four miles down the river, and by a delightful country, on the north and north-east, intersected by the Montmorenci and St. Charles' rivers, which fall into the bay; the ground slopes with charming declivity to the water, around which it sweeps gracefully like a bow, and presents in a long circuit so many snow-white cottages—handsome country-houses, and fine populous villages, that it seems for leagues almost one continued street. The land is finely cultivated, and even now is covered with the deepest verdure and sprinkled with dandelions in full bloom. Back of this fine amphitheatre of rural beauty, ranges of mountains stretch their shaggy summits and limit the view. The harbour is one of the grandest imaginable, and the whole scene resembles extremely the pictures of the bay of Naples, to which it is said, by competent judges, to bear a strong resemblance. We had scarcely time to admire this fine scene before we were moored at the dock in the lower town, in the midst of all the din of a crowded port. While we were waiting for the necessary arrangements to land, we had a few moments to contemplate the new scene before us. Contiguous was the lower town, skirting the upper, and embracing the feet of its rocky precipices. It makes a circuit of, I should imagine, almost two miles, and is crowded in the most

compact manner possible, on a narrow strip of land between the precipices and the St. Lawrence. The houses are so far below the walls of the upper town, that a stone could be dropped into the chimnies of the nearest, and it would in most places fall two or three hundred feet in the air before it reached its object.

One of the most striking objects before our eyes was the Castle of St. Louis, the residence of the governor. It is a hundred and sixty-two feet long, forty-five broad, and three stories high. It stands (almost impending over the lower town) upon the very verge of the giddy precipice of two hundred feet in height, and lofty pillars are built up from the rock below to support its gallery, which runs the whole length of the building. It is a plain yellow structure of stone, and now exhibits no appearance of a castle, although it was a fortress under the French government.

From the castle an observer may look down perpendicularly upon the houses of the lower town and see all the confusion, even to the motion of a dog; all the offensive as well as the agreeable objects of a crowded port—the grotesque assemblage of buildings, peculiar (as is said) to an old French town; he may hear the rumbling of carts and drays, and the jargon of different languages, and he will inhale the smoke and gases from a crowd of chimnies, rising to the foot of the building on which he stands.

On the right of the castle the massy walls appear again, and the black artillery pointing over the parapet look like beasts of prey, crouching and ready to leap upon their victims.

We soon landed under the auspices of Captain ——, (our newly-acquired military friend,) who politely shewed us our lodgings in St. John's-street, had our baggage conveyed to them by his own servant, and called soon after to enquire for our welfare.

ENTRANCE INTO QUEBEC.

As we passed along the streets of the lower town I could well have thought that we were in the Wapping of London. A swarming population, among whom sailors were conspicuous; the cheering heigho! of the latter, working in the ships; the various merchandize crowded into view in front of the shops and warehouses; the narrow compact streets, absolutely full of buildings; the rattling of innumerable carts and drays, and all the jargon of discordant voices and languages, would scarcely permit us to believe that we were arrived in a *remote corner* of the civilized world.

We did not feel so absolutely like strangers as we should have done without the countenance of the captain. I have already mentioned that a fortuitous acquaintance with this gen-

tleman, on-board the steam-boat, and an incidental disclosure to him of our views in visiting Canada, led to a good deal of mutual kindness, and on his part to offers of service. He is a captain of the grenadiers; is still a young man, and being open, frank, and friendly in his deportment, he won our confidence, and did not withhold his own. We learned that he served in the Peninsular war, both under Sir John Moore and under Wellington; he was with the former when he fell, in the flight of the British army from Corunna, and with the latter from St. Sebastian's, at the battle of Vittoria, and on various other distinguished occasions.

His wife, a very fine young woman, who, with another lady, had come to the wharf to receive him, joined us, and with this pleasant little party we entered Quebec.

The first street of the lower town, along which we passed, came to an abrupt termination, the last house standing at the foot of the precipice, when, turning suddenly to the right into a street, one of whose sides was overhung by the frowning rock, we soon came to a foot-passage of stairs made of plank, very steep and high, and furnished with iron-railings; this passage terminated in Mountain-street, as it is called, from the steepness of the ascent. It is the only passage from this side into the upper town, and it was by no means an easy task to ascend it, even on a good foot-pavement.

In the mean time we admired the strength and agility of the little Canadian horses, which, with heavily-loaded carts at their heels, perseveringly scramble up this arduous ascent, and with still greater care and firmness sustain their ponderous vehicles when descending, and prevent them from hurrying themselves and their burdens headlong down the steep.

The Castle of St. Louis (literally a castle in the air) was now seen immediately above our heads on the left, at the distance of two hundred and fifty feet. It is completely on the edge of the precipice which overhangs the lower town, and, from its dangerous pre-eminence, appears ready to participate in the destruction which it seems threatening to all below.

We now passed the grand Prescot Gate, under ponderous arches of stone, of great thickness and weight, and entered the upper town.

The impression of every thing was completely foreign from any thing that we see in the United States. Buildings of wood, and even of brick, are almost entirely unknown. Stone, either rough from the quarry, or covered with white cement, or hewn according to the taste and condition of the proprietor, is almost the only material for building; roofs, in many instances, and *generally* on the better sort of buildings, glittering with tin-

plate, with which they are neatly covered; and turrets and steeples pouring a flood of light from the same substance; these are among the first things that strike the eyes of a stranger entering the city of Quebec.

If from the United States, he sees a new population, and, to a great extent, a completely foreign people, with French faces and French costume; the French language salutes his ear, as the common tongue of the streets and shops: in short, he perceives that even in the very capital, there is only a sprinkling of English population; it is still a French city; and the cathedral, the extensive college of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, and most of the public buildings and private houses, are French. He sees troops mingled here and there with the citizens; he perceives the British uniform, and the German in the British service, which remind him that the country has masters different from the mass of its population; and although the military are obviously not subjects of terror to the citizens, the first impression borders on melancholy, when we see these memorials of an empire fallen, and of an empire risen in its stead. Sixty years have done little towards obliterating the Gallic features of the country, and with a pleasure very rarely experienced in similar cases, we involuntarily revolve in our minds, *here* is a country *conquered* although not *oppressed*.

Trumpets, and bugles, and French-horns now startle us with a sudden burst of martial music, and we can hardly believe that we are not arrived in a fortified town of Europe.

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It was a fine morning, (October 7th,) and, as we were about to avail ourselves of this favourable weather, to visit some parts of the environs of Quebec, I will first describe our carriage, which was

THE CANADIAN CALASH.

This is not unlike an American chaise or gig, but is built much stouter, and with or without a top; the horse is much farther from the body of the carriage, and this allows room for a driver, whose seat rests on the front or foot-board of that part of the vehicle in which we ride; this foot-board, after sloping in the usual manner, then rises perpendicularly to such a height as to sustain the seat; high sides are also furnished to the part where the feet rest in a common chaise, and thus children and baggage are secured from falling out. The calash carries two grown persons on the seat within, besides the driver, who is often a man; his seat, and the board which supports it, fall by means of hinges, when the passengers are to get in, and the board and seat are then hooked up again to their place when the driver

mounts. In such a machine, which is the most common vehicle of the country, and is sometimes, as in the present instance, made *clumsily* handsome, we made our first excursion from Quebec.

Our driver was Michael Gouvan, a very intelligent and obliging young man, a French Canadian, who spoke both English and French; and his horse (an iron-grey) was one of that small, but hardy breed, which being, in this country, left in their natural state, are extremely stout and courageous, and carry the heavy calash and three men, apparently with more ease than our horses draw our chaises and two grown persons.

EXCURSION TO BEAUPORT AND MONTMORENCI.

I HAVE already observed that it was a very fine morning; the temperature was mild, and the skies bright, with a balmy softness in the atmosphere, accompanied by a slight haziness; it is exactly like our Indian summer, and, indeed, they here call this kind of weather by the same name; we could not have had a more acceptable time for our little journey of nine miles, to the Falls of Montmorenci.

We passed out at the gate St. John, on the north-western side of the town; it stands at the head of the street of the same name, and leads to a very extensive and populous suburb, situated entirely without the walls. This suburb exhibits many new and good buildings, and appears modern. We soon reached the beautiful meadows, north-east of Quebec, through which flows the river Charles. On our left was an extensive nunnery, quite by itself, in the fields; it appears to be the same described by Charlevoix, nearly a century ago, under the name of the hospital.

For four miles we passed through some of the most beautiful meadows which I have ever seen; they were neatly divided into small enclosures, by stakes driven into the ground, and secured at top by a rail fastened with withes; the meadows were covered with thriving cattle; they were still rich in deep verdure, and would have adorned the banks of the Connecticut, or of the Thames. The road through them was much cut up by wheels, as this is a great thoroughfare into Quebec, and the land is naturally moist and rich. Houses were scattered here and there, upon the meadows, and when we began to ascend the rising ground we entered the extensive village of Beauport.

This village, consisting of sixty or seventy houses, is built principally on one street, of four or five miles in length, and extends quite to the river Montmorenci: it is one of those which I mentioned as making so brilliant an appearance from the bay of Quebec. The farms and garden-grounds of this village are "all in a flourishing state, and the orchards and occasional clumps of trees combine to render it one of the pleasantest roads

in the environs of Quebec. This village is the residence of many families of respectability."*

The houses are generally of stone, covered with a cement, and white-washed, roof and all; this gives them a very neat appearance, and makes them look very brilliant, even at a considerable distance; commonly they are of one story, sometimes of two, and inside they appeared very comfortable. The windows, as is generally the fact in the French houses, are divided up and down in the middle, and swing like doors on hinges.

There is in this village a large and showy church, with three steeples, and on entering it we found solitary individuals at their private devotions, crossing themselves with holy water, and silently moving their lips. This church contained a number of pictures, and they were ornamenting its ceiling with golden roses. Our driver left his calash, went into the church, fell on his knees, and said his prayers with much apparent seriousness.

The Montmorenci is a small, but rapid river, rolling tumultuously over a very rocky bottom, and just above the falls; is considerably smaller than the Housatonuck, at the falls of Salisbury, in Connecticut.

Leaving our calash and driver on the high hill, which forms the western bank of the river, we crossed a bridge, and passed down the eastern side of the Montmorenci, which is also very high ground, and, as we approach the St. Lawrence, it rises so as to be even still higher than the opposite shore. From this elevation the beautiful island of Orleans, which is twenty miles long and five wide, was in full view before us. It is well cultivated, contains about four thousand inhabitants,† and, next to Montreal, is the most important island in the river. On the side contiguous to where we were, it slopes to the water's edge, and terminates in a handsome beach of sand. A similar beach corresponds to it on the main; the ship-channel is on the other side of the island.

As we passed along through the fields we found a man and boy ploughing. The oxen were yoked, not as with us, by the shoulders and neck, but by the horns. A kind of yoke lay upon their necks, and was fastened by leather straps to the horns, but no bow or other contrivance passed around the neck; thus the oxen draw entirely by their horns; and I am told that the French farmers cannot be induced to adopt our method, although it is obvious that the animal is thus sadly embarrassed, and can exert very little power. I saw, however, one yoke in another field, harnessed in our way.

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* Bouchette. † Bouchette.

GEOLOGY.

THERE is very little variety in the geology between Quebec and Montmorenci. After leaving the city the first objects that strike the eye, where the green slopes of the hills have been excavated, in quarrying, are numerous black rocks, very regularly stratified, and looking almost like great beds of coal. These rocks, which prevail through the village of Beauport, are black fetid limestone, in strata nearly horizontal, and presenting in the section of the hills a remarkable regularity, almost architectural. The strata, being divided by seams, both horizontal and vertical, look as if they had been laid up by the skill of a mason. The houses in Beauport are generally built of this stone, and the people burn it into lime at their very doors. Its great regularity, and the ease with which it divides, must make it an excellent building-stone; while the combustible substance which it contains will also aid, very materially, in burning it into quick-lime. These strata appear to be secondary limestone.

The strata, over which the Montmorenci falls, seem to be (for I could not get near enough to be quite certain,) of the same description. I am favoured by Dr. John I. Bigsby, of the medical staff of the British army in Canada, with the following facts, as to the "succession of the strata a few yards above the bridge, at the falls of Montmorenci, on the west-side of the river.

"The lowest visible rocks, rising six or eight feet from the bed of the river, are dough-shaped mounds of granite, vertical, with a south-west direction, with many irregular quartz veins, half a foot thick. On it lies a perfectly horizontal sand-stone, so coarse as to resemble conglomerate, (I suspect this sand-stone is a coarse grey wacke). It is four feet thick, and weathered red and white. Upon this rests light hair brown, highly chrystalline lime-stone, very fetid, full of shells, vegetable filaments, massive, blende, and a mineral-like brown spar. This gradually becomes dull, less chrystalline, and at length, at the top of the bank, is nearly a common blue lime (stone),) with a conchoidal fracture, and still here and there containing small crystals of carbonates. The whole height here, is perhaps forty feet."

As we walked along upon the eastern bank of the Montmorenci, and approached the St. Lawrence, we found ourselves on the verge of a precipice, of three hundred feet in height: this terminates at the St. Lawrence, or very near it, in an almost perpendicular promontory, down which, with some difficulty, we wound our way to the bed of the great river. The strata of rock here run parallel to the St. Lawrence, and at right angles to the Montmorenci; as these strata are very soft, and easily decomposed and disintegrated, the Montmorenci, which rolls its

rapid and turbulent waters across them, has evidently, by long continued attrition, worn them away, so that in the bed of this small river, at the falls, these rocks have receded about one-sixth of a mile from the St. Lawrence.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

THE destructive action of the river itself, upon the rocks which form its bed, and its banks, has produced, in the long course of time, a deep bay, or indentation, shaped nearly like a parabola, or a horse-shoe magnet; it recedes from two hundred and eighty to three hundred yards* from the St. Lawrence, and its almost perpendicular banks are, in different places, from two to three hundred feet high; they are composed apparently of fetid lime-stone, very much decomposed, which, on the eastern side, resembles extremely a fine-grained slate, or sand-stone. The crumbled and broken parts become fetid by friction or percussion. At the upper end of this bay the Montmorenci, after a gentle previous declivity, which greatly increases its velocity, takes its stupendous leap of two hundred and forty† feet, into a chasm among the rocks, where it boils and foams in a natural rocky basin, from which, after its force is in some measure exhausted in its own whirlpools and eddies, it flows away, in a gentle stream, towards the St. Lawrence. The fall is nearly perpendicular, and appears not to deviate more than three or four degrees from it. This deviation is caused by the ledges of rock below, and is just sufficient to break the water completely into foam and spray. The width of the stream, at the moment of its fall, is apparently fifty or sixty feet; it may be seventy when the river is swollen by rains, or by the melted snows.

The effect on the beholder is most delightful. The river, at some distance, seems suspended in the air, in a sheet of billowy foam,‡ and contrasted, as it is, with the black frowning abyss into which it falls, it is an object of the highest interest.

As we approached nearer to its foot, the impressions of grandeur and sublimity were, in the most perfect manner imaginable, blended with those of extreme beauty.

The river is of so considerable magnitude, that, precipitated

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* Bouchette.

† It is astonishing that Charlevoix states the Fall of Montmorenci as being thirty feet wide, and *only forty high*. I cannot but think that there must have been a typographical error in the omission of two hundred, before forty, especially as Charlevoix states the height of the Niagara Falls very nearly as they are now estimated. It is not probable that a century has made much difference with either.

‡ It has been compared to a white ribbon, suspended in the air: this comparison does justice to the delicacy, but not to the grandeur of this cataract.

as it is, from this amazing height, the thundering noise, and mighty rush of waters, and the never-ceasing wind and rain produced by the fall, powerfully arrest the attention: the spectator stands in profound awe, mingled with delight, especially when he contrasts the magnitude of the fall with that of a villa, on the edge of the dark precipices of frowning rock, which form the western bank, and with the casual spectators, looking down from the same elevation. But these impressions are not sufficient to overpower the delicate beauty of this cataract. The sheet of foam, which breaks over the ridge, is more and more divided, as it is dashed against the successive layers of rock, which it almost completely veils from view; the spray becomes very delicate and abundant, from top to bottom, hanging over, and revolving around the torrent, till it becomes lighter and more evanescent than the whitest fleecy clouds of summer, than the finest attenuated web, than the lightest gossamer, constituting the most airy and sumptuous drapery that can be imagined. Yet, like the drapery of some of the Grecian statues, which, while it veils, exhibits more forcibly the form beneath, this does not hide, but exalts the effect produced by this noble cataract.

The rain-bow we saw in great perfection; bow within bow, and (what I never saw elsewhere, so perfectly,) as I advanced into the spray, the bow became complete, myself being a part of its circumference, and its transcendant glories moving with every change of position. This beautiful and splendid sight was to be enjoyed only by advancing quite into the shower of spray,* as if, in the language of ancient poetry, and fable, the genii of the place, pleased with the beholder's near approach to the seat of their empire, decked *the devotee* with the appropriate robes of the cataract, the vestal veil of fleecy spray, and the heavenly splendors of the bow.

The Falls of Montmorenci have been often described, and we had obtained tolerably definite and correct ideas of them, but their entire impression on us was beyond our expectations.

Those who visit this place in the winter see one fine feature added to the scene, although they may lose some others. The spray freezes, and forms a regular cone, of sometimes one hundred feet in height, and standing immediately at the bottom of the cataract. It is even said, that some are hardy enough to clamber up this icy tower. Captain —— informs us, that he has performed this giddy feat.

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* Which was very copious, and, (if not averted by an umbrella,) would soon wet the observer through his clothes.

SAW-MILLS AND LUMBER.

JUST below the falls, on the right-bank of the Montmorenci, at its confluence with the St. Lawrence, is the great establishment of Mr. Patterson, for sawing lumber. The mills, which are probably as extensive as in the world, are fed by a stream, directed from the Montmorenci, just above the falls. It is conducted along, on the high-bank, in a large artificial channel, of plank and timber, till rushing down the inclined plane, formed by the great natural descent of the hill, it acquires a prodigious velocity, and, falling upon the water-wheels, in the mill, at the bottom of the bank, it imparts an impulse, sufficiently powerful to turn the machinery of a vast establishment, and performs a very great amount of labour. Nor does it injure the cataract, as Lieutenant Hall, in his travels, supposes it would; for, it is no more missed from the stream of the Montmorenci, than a pebble would be from its banks.

Contiguous to these mills is a vast deposit of lumber; much of it is afloat, and is guarded from floating quite away by wharves and pillars, and by very extensive artificial dams, running out a great way into the St. Lawrence, and forming a large basin. I cannot say with confidence how many acres it appeared to cover; my elevation on the contiguous bank was so great, that I might be much deceived; but it served, together with the deposits which we had seen at the Chaudiere, at Sillery, in Wolfe's Cove and other places, to give us a strong impression of the magnitude of the Canadian lumber trade; it is in fact the principal business of the country; and the ships waiting to receive it are very numerous. A good deal of this lumber, as we were assured, comes from Vermont, and is rafted down Lake Champlain and through the rivers Sorel and St. Lawrence.

To us, who had never seen any thing to compare with the exhibition of lumber on the waters around Quebec, this sight and the other similar ones appeared very remarkable. The number and size of the ships, also, that are waiting to receive it, far exceeded our expectations, and evinced that, if Great Britain cannot supply herself with lumber on good terms, from any other source, this colony must, for this reason alone, be very important to her; and, indeed, it has obviously this great advantage, as a source of supply, that it is in a great measure dependent of the contingency of war.

As an article of trade, however, I am aware that lumber, from its great bulk and low value, makes a much greater show than a commerce in many commodities which, in a much more snug way, may imply a vastly greater amount of capital and of profits.

The lumber rafts on the St. Lawrence well deserve to be mentioned among the curiosities of the river. We found some of them around us in the morning, as we were coming down to Quebec, and were amused with the view of these anomalous floating communities. Some of them occupied thousands of square feet on the water, and exhibited an active, grotesque population, busy in steering these ponderous mis-shapen piles down the current of the river; they erect huts upon them, and contrive to concentrate upon the rafts the few and coarse accommodations, which their frugal habits and their tardy inland voyage may demand.

We did not expect to find oppressively hot weather in Canada so late as the 7th of October, but, in clambering the precipices about the falls of Montmorenci, we experienced a degree of heat like that of the middle of July.

EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE.

Oct. 8.—With our faithful Gouvan, and our comfortable calash, we crossed the St. Lawrence about the middle of the day. We had come down to the wharf much earlier, and waited two hours for the boat, which was detained on the other side, at the command of a party of the officers of justice, who had gone over to whip a culprit; at length a great company of them returned in the boat with their badges, and bringing with them the miserable man. As usual elsewhere, in such cases, it excited and gratified the mob, but the disgraced and chastised offender wore an aspect very different from the consequential air of the constables, or from the grinning insolence of the populace.

Arrived on the opposite shore, we soon ascended the steep heights of Point Levi—saw where General Monckton erected his batteries to bombard the city, previous to the unsuccessful battle at Montmorenci—and enjoyed a brilliant and new view of Quebec, and of its environs—the fortifications and precipices appearing particularly grand from this elevation.

VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVI.

No position in which we were placed afforded us so impressive a view of the rock of Quebec, and particularly of its *castellated* appearance, as this from the summit of Point Levi. This will be readily intelligible. The distance is about one mile. On the extreme left is a glimpse of the heights and plains of Abraham—on the extreme right the hills about Beauport and Montmorenci. Immediately before us is the rock of Quebec; and the extent of the part that is seen is about one mile: nearly the whole of it is literally a naked rocky precipice of a very dark hue, almost black, and composed of enormous strata of slate and lime-stone, very

rude, both on account of their natural contortions, and the effects of blasting and of other forms of violence upon them. On the summit of the rock on the left, where it is three hundred and forty-five feet high, is the citadel, standing on Cape Diamond; some way to the right of this, where the rock declines considerably in height, appears the castle of St. Louis. Still further to the right, and scarcely distinguishable among the buildings, is the Prescot-gate, at the top of Mountain-street, which comes obliquely up from the lower town, and affords the only communication on this side of the rock. Beyond the gate, on the left, is seen the English episcopal cathedral, and to the right the Roman Catholic cathedral, the parliament-house, the seminary, &c. and in front of these last is the wall of the city, with embrasures and cannon, forming the grand battery, which occupies a lower level, or natural platform of the rock, which is here about two hundred and thirty feet high.

At the foot of the rock is the lower town, and if we add to it that part exhibited from Montmorenci, we have then very nearly the whole of the lower town. Nearly on the extreme left of the rock at the foot of Cape Diamond, in the lower town, is the place where General Montgomery was slain on the morning of December 31, 1775; and on the right, at the foot of the rock, or grand battery, is the street where General Arnold's party were defeated and captured on the same occasion.

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The villages through which we passed were not so well built as Beauport; a larger proportion of the houses were constructed of logs, and the people appeared not in so good circumstances, but still they were comfortable.

The road to Montmorenci was rough; that over which we were now passing was smooth, and, compared with any other roads that we had seen in Canada, it was very fine. We passed through a large settlement, sustained principally by the great lumber establishment of Mr. Caldwell, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Chaudiere river, over which we were ferried.

During the whole ride from Point Levi, we had been gratified by a succession of fine views: the river—the opposite shores, precipitous in almost every direction—the heights of Abraham—Cape Diamond and the upper and lower towns—the slopes of Beauport and the heights of Montmorenci—the Isle of Orleans, and the bosom of the river—some of these features were constantly, either in prospect or retrospect; and we saw many scenes which would have been well worthy of the pencil.

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After crossing the Chaudiere, our road became more rough,

and was evidently much less frequented. In mounting the bank from the Chaudiere, it was so steep, that it was with difficulty the horse dragged up the empty calash.

Somewhat less than two miles from the falls we turned into the fields, and at a farm-house obtained a French Canadian to act as our guide through scenes which, we were assured, would to strangers soon become quite a labyrinth. It was not long before we were obliged to leave our calash and proceed on foot, when, crossing a small river, we entered a forest, where an obscure cart-path soon dwindled into a foot-path, which we pursued over a rugged and unpleasant variety of surface.

The afternoon was very hot, and we were much fatigued, but our journey was rendered less irksome by the society of Mr. H——d, an interesting young Hibernian, who had accompanied us from Quebec.

Owing to our detention at the ferry, it was nearly sun-down when we arrived at the falls, and we were too much hurried to enjoy the Chaudiere quite at our leisure, as we yesterday did the Montmorenci.

The Chaudiere is a river of considerable magnitude, but, owing to its numerous rapids, falls, and various obstructions, it is scarcely navigable, even for canoes. It rises from the Lake Megantic, near the American territory; its general width is from four hundred to six hundred yards, and its course is more than one hundred miles long. The banks are in general high, rocky, and steep, "the bed rugged, and much contracted by rocks jutting from the sides, that occasion violent rapids."*

Among the falls in this river, those which we had come to visit are the most considerable.

Salient points of rock narrow the river so much, that its breadth does not exceed four hundred feet, and the descent is estimated at one hundred and thirty.* Enormous masses of rock lie on the shore contiguous to the falls, and by similar masses the cataract is divided into three parts, which re-unite before they plunge into the abyss at the bottom.

Ledges of clay slate, alternating with grey wacke slate and red slate, here form the natural dam, over which the water is precipitated. I saw no granite, as Lieutenant Hall mentions in his travels; and as the region is a transition one, I doubt whether he has not fallen into a mistake on this point.

We emerged from the deep gloom of the forest exactly at the place where the cataract becomes visible, although the sound produced by it (at a distance scarcely audible,) had been for some time rapidly increasing on the ear.

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* Bouchette.

This cataract is grand, and wild, and turbulent, roaring and dashing, and foaming over its irregular barrier—current encountering current, and all plunging into a restless whirlpool, boiling with incessant agitation; thence, undoubtedly, its French name of the Pot, or boiling Cauldron.

Colonel Bouchette has given the following accurate sketch of these falls:—" The continual action of the water has worn the rock into deep excavations, that give a globular figure to the revolving bodies of white foam as they descend, and greatly increase the beautiful effect of the fall; the spray thrown up being quickly spread by the wind, produces in the sun-shine a most splendid variety of prismatic colours. The dark-hued foliage of the woods, that on each side press close upon the margin of the river, forms a striking contrast with the snow-like effulgence of the falling torrent; the hurried motion of the flood, agitated among the rocks and hollows as it forces its way towards the St. Lawrence, and the incessant sound, occasioned by the cataract itself, form a combination that strikes forcibly upon the senses, and amply gratifies the curiosity of the admiring spectator.

The falls of the Chaudiere are by many considered as superior to those of the Montmorenci; but although vastly grander, on account of their width and the great quantity of water, they did not strike us as having such *peculiar beauties*, and as differing so much from common cataracts; that of Montmorenci is probably without a parallel in North America.

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The Chaudiere is interesting, from its connexion with a projected road* to the United States. The Canadian settlements on the river du Loup are seventy miles from the nearest American settlements on the Kennebec, and only twenty from the American line. A mountainous ridge intervenes—it is quite mild, but is intersected by numerous rivers and streams, and would, without doubt, afford practical passes for roads. A mutual good understanding between the contiguous countries, would soon effect the object; indeed, Massachusetts, before the late war, appointed commissioners for the purpose of making a road to the height of land: This will probably be effected at a future, and not very distant period, and will bring Quebec within a distance of no more than two hundred miles by land, from Hallowel, on the Kennebec; and thence to the ocean, the communication is uninterrupted. By this road, it will be only three hundred and seventy miles to Boston. From Quebec, there is already an excellent road for fifty miles up the Chau-

* It was by this route that General Arnold's party, in 1775, penetrated to Quebec.

diere, and a tolerable one to the settlements on the river du Loup.*

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It was eight o'clock, and quite dark, before, on our return, we reached the ferry at Point Levi; the steam-boat had stopped for the night, and no persuasions or temptations of ours could induce the boatmen to put out again. Fortunately for us, a party arrived soon after, who appeared to be persons of influence belonging to Quebec, and they induced the boatmen to go; we fell into the train, and thus they did us good probably without intending it.

Our late arrival gave us the pleasure of enjoying a night-view of Quebec, from a position where, otherwise, we should not have seen it. The few lights that were visible, in the upper town, served merely to mark its outline. The lower town looked like the illuminated foot of a gloomy mountain. It was so dark, when we landed, that the dirt of the lower town could not be seen, and we wound our way up through the steep and intricate passages, rendered faintly visible, by a few lamps, which shed just light enough to exhibit the antique fashion of the houses, and to render us sensible of the gloom of its narrow crowded streets. Mr. W——— rode, but I walked with Mr. H———d, and just as we passed through the perfectly dark arch of the Prescot gate, and issuing into the city, a flash, like lightning, illuminated the upper town, and was instantly followed by the thunder of the evening gun. It needed but little help from imagination to make us believe that we were entering a fortress of the dark ages; and the grand flourish of martial music, which immediately burst upon our ears, with the full swell and deep intonation of bugle-horns, clarionets, and trumpets, and other wind-instruments, was well adapted to increase the illusion. The imperfect light served to magnify the size of the place d'armes, or military parade, in which we were arrived, and we hastened to the opposite side of it, contiguous to the barracks, (formerly the College of the Jesuits.) Here we found the band, consisting of about twenty Germans, who continued to play for some time, and seemed as much gratified with their own music as if it had possessed for them the charm of novelty.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I HAVE several times had occasion to mention that the weather has been very fine since we have been in Canada. It has been particularly so since our arrival at Quebec, and the ther-

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* Bouchette.

mometer has been at summer heat, or even above, so that our excursions up and down the streets of this mountainous city, and over its environs, has been sometimes very fatiguing.

On one of the fine mornings we drove out through the magnificent gate of St. Louis, to the celebrated plains of Abraham, for no one would leave Quebec, without visiting the ground on which was fought the battle that decided the fate of Canada, and ultimately terminated the empire of the French in North America.

There are probably few scenes of warfare which are more intelligible than those in this vicinity. It is very obvious, (after becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of the place,) that any army that is to act against Quebec, must encounter very uncommon difficulties. We have already had occasion to advert to some of them, while speaking of the scenes that occurred at Montmorenci.

The unsuccessful termination of that affair, evinced that nothing was to be hoped from any additional efforts in that quarter. The season was already far advanced—the expected co-operation from General Amherst, by the way of lake Champlain, and from General Johnson, through lake Ontario, had not been realized, and it became absolutely necessary to attempt something decisive, as the season would soon compel the English to abandon the campaign. The camp at Montmorenci was therefore broken up, and on the sixth of September the troops were embarked and transported up the river; they were landed, for a season, at Point Levi, and refreshed on the southern shore; but, after some days, again went on-board, and were conveyed three leagues above the city. General Montcalm dispatched a corps of observation after them, consisting of one thousand five hundred men, under General Bougainville, but still maintained his station with the main army, at Beaupert.

On the twelfth of September, one hour after midnight, General Wolfe, with his army, leaving the ships, embarked in boats, and silently dropped down with the current, intending to land a league above Cape Diamond, and thus to gain the heights of Abraham. But, owing to the rapidity of the current, they fell below their intended place, and disembarked at what is now called Wolfe's Cove, a mile, or a mile and a half, above the city. The operation was a most critical one—they had to navigate in silence, down a rapid stream—to hit upon the right place for a landing, which, in the dark, might be easily mistaken—the shore was shelving, and the bank to be ascended was steep and lofty, and scarcely practicable, even without opposition. Doubtless, it was this combination of circumstances which lulled the vigilance of the wary and discerning Montcalm: he thought

such an enterprize absolutely impracticable, and therefore had stationed only sentinels and picket guards along this precipitous shore.

Indeed, the attempt was in the greatest danger of being defeated, by an occurrence which is very interesting, as marking, much more emphatically than dry official accounts can do, the very great delicacy of the transaction.

One of the French sentinels, posted along the shore, challenged the English boats in the customary military language of the French, "*Qui vit?*" "who goes there?" to which a captain of Frazer's regiment, who had served in Holland, and was familiar with the French language and customs, promptly replied, "*La France.*" The next question was much more embarrassing, for the sentinel demanded "*A quel regiment?*" "to what regiment?" The captain, who happened to know the name of one of the regiments which was up the river with Bougainville, promptly rejoined, "*De la Rein,*" "the Queen's." The soldier immediately replied, "*Passe,*" for he concluded at once, that this was a French convoy of provisions, which, as the English had learned from some deserters, was expected to pass down the river to Quebec. The other sentinels were deceived in a similar manner; but one, less credulous than the rest, running down to the water's edge, called out "*Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez plus haut?*" "Why don't you speak louder?" The same captain, with perfect self-command, replied, "*Tai toi, nous serons entendues!*" "Hush, we shall be overheard and discovered."* The sentry, satisfied with this caution, retired. The British boats were on the point of being fired into by the captain of one of their own transport-ships, who, ignorant of what was going on, took them for French; but General Wolfe perceiving a commotion on-board, rowed along-side in person, and prevented the firing, which would have alarmed the town, and frustrated the enterprize. General Wolfe, although greatly reduced by a fever, to which a dysentery was superadded, was nevertheless the first man to leap ashore. The rugged precipices, full of projections of rocks and trees, and shrubs growing every where among the cliffs, into which the bank was broken, presented a most forbidding appearance; and General Wolfe, familiarly speaking to an officer who stood by, said, "I don't believe there is any possibility of getting up, but you must do your endeavour." There was only a narrow path leading obliquely up the hill; this had been rendered by the enemy impassable, in consequence of being broken up by cross ditches, and there was besides an entrenchment at the top,

* Smollet, vol. v. p. 56.

defended by a captain's guard.* This guard was easily dispersed, and the troops then pulled themselves up by taking hold of the boughs and stumps of the trees and of the projections of the rocks.

This precipice (which may be in different places from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high,) is still very rude and rugged, but probably much less so than in 1759; it can now be surmounted, without very great difficulty, by men who are unmolested.

Wolfe staked all upon a very hazardous adventure: had he been discovered prematurely, through a spy, a deserter, or an alarmed sentry, his army would have been inevitably lost; but having gained the heights, he formed his troops and met the enemy in good order.

The plains of Abraham lie south and west of Quebec, and commence the moment you leave the walls of the city. They are a very elevated tract of ground; this must of course be the fact, as they are on the summit of the heights which terminate at the river; they are nearly level—free from trees and all other obstacles, and I presume were nearly so† at the time of the battle. Our military friend, Captain ——, with true professional feeling, remarked that it was "*a fine place for a battle.*" I went to the brink of the precipice, where my guide assured me that Wolfe and the army came up; a foot-path, much trodden, leads through low bushes to the spot. I presume that five hundred men posted on this edge would have repelled the whole army.

It was about an hour before the dawn that the army began to ascend the precipice, and by day-light they were formed and in perfect preparation to meet the enemy.

The Marquis de Montcalm was no sooner informed that the English troops were in possession of the heights of Abraham, than he prepared to fight them, and for this purpose marched his army across the Charles, from his entrenchments at Beauport, and between nine and ten o'clock the two armies met face to face. Montcalm's numbers were nearly the same as those of the English army, but nearly half of his troops were Indians and Canadians, while the whole of Wolfe's were disciplined corps of the best description. The French general could not now, as at Montmorenci, avail himself of the cover of entrenchments, be-

* I was assured by an officer of the British army, at Quebec, that this very French captain, who commanded the guard at this place, is still living on the river Sorel, and more than one hundred years old. I saw at Montreal an old officer, who was with Wolfe on this occasion; he was over fourscore.

† Except perhaps on their confines.

hind which undisciplined troops, especially if skilled in marksmanship, have often repelled the assaults of veterans.

Montcalm made, however, the best possible disposition of his troops—apportioning his regulars in such distinct bodies along the line, as to support the irregulars in the most effectual manner. In front, among the corn-fields and bushes, he placed one thousand five hundred of his best marksmen, principally Indians and Canadians, whose destructive fire was patiently borne by the British line,* but they reserved their own till the enemy, whose main body they perceived rapidly advancing, was within forty yards, when it was poured in upon the French, and continued with such deadly effect, that it could not be withstood. The French fought bravely, but they were broken, and notwithstanding one or two efforts to make a stand and renew the attack, they were so successfully pushed by the British bayonet, and hewn down by the highland broadsword, that their discomfiture was complete. The battle was particularly severe on the French left, and the English right. This ground is very near the St. Lawrence, and but a little distance in front of the citadel, and all the events that passed there must have been distinctly seen by those on the walls of Quebec. It must have been a most interesting spectacle, and we can easily enter into the feelings of the American French, who viewed their country and their city, and their fire-sides and homes, as involved in the issue of this battle. With what emotions then must they have seen their defenders, not only falling in the ranks, but driven by the furious onset of the enemy to the walls of the city, where they were slaughtered by the bayonet and broad-sword, on the very glacis and in the ditches immediately under their eyes. About one thousand of the French were killed and wounded, and more than half that number of the English, and it is thought that the French army would have been totally destroyed if the city had not opened its gates to receive a part, and if another part had not taken refuge in the works over the St. Charles.

Montcalm was on the French left, and Wolfe on the English right, and here they both fell in the critical moment that decided the victory. Wolfe, early in the action, received a bullet in his wrist, but he bound it around with his handkerchief, and continued to encourage his troops; soon after, another ball penetrated his groin; but this wound, although much more severe, he concealed, and persevered till a third bullet pierced his breast. It was not till that moment that he submitted to be carried into the rear of the line: he was no longer able to stand, and leaned

* The advanced-guards had exchanged shots for some hours before.

his head upon the shoulder of a lieutenant who sat down for that purpose—when, being aroused by the distant sound of "they fly—they fly," he eagerly asked, "who fly?" and being told it was the French, he replied, "then I die happy." He asked to be sustained on his feet that he might once more behold the field, but his eyes were already swimming in death, his vision was gone, and he expired on the spot. This death has furnished a grand and pathetic subject for the painter, the poet, and the historian, and undoubtedly (considered as a specimen of *mere military* glory,) it is one of the most sublime that the annals of war afford. From my earliest childhood I had ardently wished to see the plains of Abraham, and to stand on the place where Wolfe expired. To-day I enjoyed that pensive satisfaction, and easily passed in imagination from the quiet and security in which we saw these beautiful plains, to the tremendous collision of ten thousand men in arms.

A round stone of red granite, four or five feet by two or three in diameter—not a fixed rock, but a loose stone, marks the spot where Wolfe expired in the moment of victory. This stone was placed here thirty* years after the battle; and is one of the four stones arranged in a meridian line by the surveyor-general of Canada, in 1790, for the purpose of adjusting the instruments used in the public surveys of land. This stone has been so much rounded, by having portions detached by visitors, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could knock off a small piece as relic. Fortunately the entire stone is too large to be carried away, and it cannot be broken to pieces except by gun-powder.

A fine monument to Lord Nelson graces the market-place in Montreal—but there is no monument to Wolfe, even on the spot where he fell. When I expressed to an English officer my surprise at this omission, he reminded me (what indeed might have been very obvious upon a little reflection,) that the feelings of a *French* population were not to be forgotten, and that such a monument might be offensive to them.†

The victorious hero has engrossed the plaudits of the world, but Montcalm deserved as much commendation as Wolfe. Except the massacre at Fort William Henry, (which, however, it is said he exerted himself, although unsuccessfully, to prevent,) I know of no other imputation on his memory; and in talent, military skill, and personal courage, and devotion to his king

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* Bouchette.

† Nearly opposite to our lodgings in St. John-street is the only monument of Wolfe which we saw in Quebec. It is a statue, I believe, of wood, handsomely carved, and about as large as life; it is in the military costume of that day, and is said to be a good likeness of Wolfe. It stands in a niche, in the angle of a house or shop, and exposed to the weather.

and country, he was in no way inferior to his rival. He survived long enough to write a letter, with his own hand, to the English general, recommending the French prisoners to his humanity, and when informed that his wound was mortal, he expressed great satisfaction that he should not live to see the fall of Quebec, which capitulated five days after. Montcalm's second in command, General Senezercus, also died of his wounds.

Had Montcalm succeeded in preserving Canada from conquest, and, had Quebec been successfully defended by his valour, his fame would have been extolled as much as that of Wolfe now is.

This victory was in its consequences of immense importance. It eventually terminated a long course of bloody wars; it gave permanent peace and security to the English colonies, rescued their vast frontier from all the horrors of savage warfare, and even contributed largely to the general pacification of Europe. It is one of the great epochs of American history. The French dominion in America, utterly incompatible with the repose or safety of the English settlements, and, after enduring one hundred and fifty years, was soon to be finally terminated. Thus a providence, probably at the time unseen and unobserved by *any* of the parties, was preparing the way for American independence. No American can, therefore, contemplate with indifference the spot where Wolfe fell, and so much gallant blood was spilt.

The French had still a powerful army, and some naval force above the city, and, in the ensuing spring, Monsieur Levi approached it from Montreal, for the purpose of recovering it from the English. General Murray, who commanded in Quebec, marched out to meet him, and, on the 28th of April, 1760, a bloody battle occurred three miles above the city, at Sillery; the English army, very much inferior in numbers to the French, was severely defeated, with the loss of one thousand men; and the French, it is said, suffered still more. The English retreated into Quebec, to which the French now laid siege, and very possibly would have reduced it but for the arrival of an English squadron with reinforcements, when they abandoned the siege and retired up the river.

How large a portion of the history of modern Europe is occupied by the wars of England and France! What rivers of each other's blood, as well as of the blood of other nations, have not these rival empires shed! Heroic, enlightened, refined, learned, enterprising; both claiming the name of christian; had their efforts been equally directed to promote the welfare of their own respective dominions of each other, and of the world, by cultivating the arts of peace and the virtues of civil life, what good might they not have done! But, like ferocious beasts of prey, they have hunted each other out of every niche and corner of

the globe; every colony, every little cluster of traders, or of agriculturalists—every wandering bark, if belonging to the rival power, has been exposed to these cruel assaults.

In which quarter of the world, on what ocean or sea, in what country, on what island, or on what coast, of remotest India or America, have they not opened each others veins till the earth cries out upon them for blood unrighteously shed!

FORTIFICATIONS OF QUEBEC.

The strongest town in America, and one of the strongest in the world, demands a brief notice in this respect, although it will be such as one unskilled in military affairs can give.

It is quite obvious, from what has been said, that Quebec is possessed of great natural advantages. The lofty perpendicular precipices of naked rock, which, on the south and east, separate a great part of the lower town from the upper, constitute in themselves, on those sides, an insurmountable barrier; the river Charles, with its shallow waters and low flats of sand and mud, drained almost dry by the retiring of the tide, forms an insuperable impediment to the erection of commanding works, or to the location of ships on the east and the north, not to mention that all this ground is perfectly commanded by the guns from the upper town. The only vulnerable point is on the west and south from the plains of Abraham. Cape Diamond, the highest point of the town, it is true, is rather more elevated than any part of the plains,* but the highest ground on the plains of Abraham, (the place which is called Ferguson's house,) "commands most of the works on this side of the town; besides, there is no barrier of rock, no river, ravine, marsh, or other natural obstacle, to hinder an approach upon this side; this is the vulnerable side of Quebec, and here, therefore, it is fortified with the most anxious care.

"The distance across the peninsula, from one river to the other, in front of the line of fortification, is one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven yards,"† or very nearly one mile—the circuit within the walls is two miles and three-quarters—immediately without, it is probably three miles, and the average diameter is one thousand five hundred yards, or very nearly six-sevenths of a mile.

A complete wall of massy stone, hewn, and laid up with elegance, as well as strength, completely encircles the town, and is furnished with strong massy arches and gates, and with deep ditches. It reminded me, much more than any thing that I

* Only ten or fifteen feet.—Bouchette.
† Bouchette.

have seen, either in England or in my own country, of the strong places of the Netherlands, particularly of Breda, and of Bergen-op-Zoom.

The walls of Quebec vary much, in different parts, in height and thickness. Every where, however, they are high enough to render escalade very difficult, and a breach almost hopeless. In the strongest parts, next to the plains of Abraham, they appeared to me forty or fifty feet thick, and equally high. Even the lofty precipices of naked rock are surmounted with a stone-wall and with cannon, and the highest points are crowned with towers, and distinct batteries. In general, the curtains of the wall are looped for musketry, and projecting bastions present their artillery towards the assailants, in every direction, and, of course, so as to rake the ditches. A military man at Quebec remarked to me, that, in storming a place, they preferred attacking the battery or bastion, rather than the curtain, because the cross-fire cuts down so many in the ditches.

When we visited the plains of Abraham, we drove out and in by the gate St. Louis, where the wall appeared to be fifty feet thick, and nearly as high; this was the judgment we formed, without inquiry—I need not say, without measurement.* A deep ditch succeeds, and then there is an exterior, but lower wall, and another ditch, both of which must be scaled, before the main-wall can be approached. A storming party would be dreadfully exposed, while mounting this exterior wall. The avenue to the gate is bounded on both sides by a high wall, and makes several turns in zig-zag. At every turn, cannon point directly at the approaches; and generally down every ditch, and in every possible direction, where the walls can be approached, great guns are ready to cut down the assailants.

I have several times remarked, that the promontory of rock, which constitutes the loftiest point of the upper town, is called Cape Diamond, and that, upon this, is erected the famous citadel of Quebec. This is not, as one might suppose, a building, or castle, covered with a roof; it is open to the heavens, and differs from the rest of the works, only in being more elevated, stronger, and therefore more commanding.

The highest part of the citadel is Brock's battery, which is a mound, artificially raised, higher than every thing else, and mounted with cannon, pointing towards the plains of Abraham. It was named after General Brock, who fell at Queenstown, and was erected during the late war, about the time that Montreal was threatened by Generals Wilkinson and Hampton. This

* We were afterwards informed, by a British officer, that actual measurement gave this result.

commands every part of the works on that side, and is intended, I presume, besides the *general* objects of defence, to operate in the last resort, on an enemy who may scale all the other walls. The citadel is forbidden ground, and, by rule, no person, not belonging to the military, or the supreme government, is admitted into it. By special favour, however, we enjoyed this gratification; the sentry, at first, refused to let us pass, although under patronage which commanded his respect, but at length, with much reluctance, he yielded.

This course of conduct is usual in such places, and may be judicious here, as preventing numerous and troublesome visits; but it appears very unnecessary in a military point of view, for the more the strength of the citadel is made known, the less disposed, I am persuaded, will any enemy be to attack it. Commodore Bainbridge, during his recent visit here, I understand, was freely shewn the citadel and every part of the fortifications; and I heard a British officer say, that, in his view, it was quite ridiculous to pursue any other course, and to pretend to any secrecy about the thing. Still, however, I suppose the officers have orders from their superiors not to introduce persons here, for the day after we had been in the citadel, I was with two British military men of considerable personal and official influence, and, while they were shewing me some apartments contiguous to the citadel, I hinted a wish to see it, if it could be permitted, but was answered *politely*, although *decidedly*, that it could not. I did not tell them that I had already seen it.

Every other part of the fortifications may be freely visited by every body, but, on the side next to the St. Charles river, the sentry refused to permit me to approach the embrasure; I wished to see how high the wall was at that place.

From the citadel, the view of the river, of the town, and of the surrounding country is, of course, extremely grand and beautiful, but, in this instance, the rapid advance of evening rendered the distant objects indistinct. We were, however, very forcibly struck with the formidable preparations, which seem on all sides to render an attack upon the place a hopeless enterprise. Within the walls are numerous magazines, furnished with every implement and preparation, and more or less proof against the various missiles of war. Piles of cannon-balls are every where to be seen, and, I presume, there are some hundreds of heavy cannon mounted on the walls, and in the various defences. About forty acres of ground, within Cape Diamond, are reserved for military works.*

Beyond the walls, on the plains of Abraham, are the four

* Bouchette.

Martello towers already mentioned; they are solidly constructed of stone, and appear to be forty feet high, and, at the base, have probably a diameter not much inferior; as they have cannon on their tops, they, of course, sweep the whole plain, and effectually command it; the particular object of their construction was to prevent an enemy from occupying the high ground on the plains of Abraham. These towers are very strong, on the side farthest from the town, and weaker on the side next to it, that they may be battered from it, should an enemy obtain possession of them.

On the whole, as long as the river is in possession of those who defend the town, and as long as the latter is sufficiently furnished with men, and other means necessary to render its fortifications efficient, there appears little hope of taking it at all, and certainly not without such an expense of blood as it is very painful to contemplate.

An officer of the garrison informed us, that it took him one hour and a half merely to visit all the sentinels on duty, upon the various stations on the walls; this appears to evince, that the walls cannot be much less than three miles in circuit; and the same military man gave it as his opinion, that it would require at least ten thousand men for a competent garrison.

The cold is so intense in the winter nights, particularly on Cape Diamond, that the sentinels cannot stand it more than one hour, and are relieved at the expiration of that time.

It is in vain to attempt to conceal, that the Canadians, and the government, in their various defences, (and it is said that still more expensive works are in contemplation, have reference to danger from *only one source.*

It is to be hoped that the attempt to take Quebec by force will never again be made, for, if it has already cost so much blood, with defences comparatively weak, what would it not cost now?*

DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Every American on visiting Quebec, of course, inquires for the place where Montgomery and his associates fell. This question I proposed many times, without being able to obtain a satisfactory answer, till, in my mineralogical visit to the lower

* Going into a book-store in Quebec, I observed in one of the Gazettes of the city, a paragraph, copied from a recent American paper, to this effect, that, if it should be ever desirable to take Quebec, it could, at any time, be easily done in two months at *the point of the bayonet.* Surely such a remark is indecent, with respect to a people with whom we are now in amity; and, to any one who has ever seen Quebec, it appears superlatively ridiculous, and only exposes us to contempt; an effort to take *the moon at the point of the bayonet,* would be almost equally rational.

town, in which I knew that the event occurred, I repeated my inquiries, till I ascertained the street, which, as described by historians, passes at the foot of Cape Diamond.

Many persons in Quebec know little or nothing of the event, and many more feel no interest in the topic. I inquired in vain, at several houses and shops, within a few hundred yards of the place, till at last I was so happy as to find an individual who appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the whole transaction, and from the precision and distinctness of his story, and the clear views he had of the ground, and of the event, I have no doubt that his information, as to the place, was correct. He was confident that he shewed me the exact spot where the barrier stood from which the fatal shot was fired, and the precise place where Montgomery and his companions were cut down. The place is immediately under Cape Diamond, and was, at that time, as it is now, a very narrow pass, between the foot of the impending precipice and the shore; vessels then were moored to rings fixed in the rock, some of which rings still remain, although wharfs have been since constructed at the water's edge; now there is a road just wide enough for a cart; it has been cut out of the solid rock. The American camp was on the plains of Abraham. Four points of attack were agreed on—two *feints* against the walls of the upper town, one at St. John's gate, and the other near the citadel, while two *real* assaults were to be directed against two other points, both in the lower town, but situated on opposite sides.

General Arnold led a party from the plains of Abraham, around by the river Charles, and assaulted the lower town on that side. In the mean time, General Montgomery approached under Cape Diamond.

The pass at the foot of Cape Diamond was probably then much narrower and more difficult than at present. The attempt was made at five o'clock, on the morning of Dec. 31, 1775, in the midst of a Canadian winter, and of a violent snow-storm, and of darkness. The path narrow and difficult at best, was then so much obstructed by enormous masses of ice, piled on each other, as to render the way almost impassable.* Montgomery's party were therefore obliged to proceed in a narrow file, till they reached a picketted block-house, which formed the first barrier. The general assisted with his own hands in cutting down and removing the pickets, and the Canadian guard, stationed for its defence, having thrown away their arms, fled, after a harmless random fire. The next barrier was much more formidable; it was a small battery, whose cannon were loaded with grape-shot,

* Marshall.

and as General Montgomery, with Captains Cheeseman and Macpherson, the latter of whom was his aid, and others of the bravest of his party, were pressing forward towards this barrier, a discharge of grape-shot killed the general and most of those near his person, and terminated the assault on that side of the town. It is said, that this second barrier had also been abandoned, but that one or two persons returning to it, seized a slow match, and applied it to the gun, when the advancing party were not more than forty yards from it. This occurrence has been sometimes differently related. Some American gentlemen, who were at Quebec about sixteen years since, saw a man who asserted that he was the person who touched off the cannon, and what is very remarkable, he was a New-Englander. He related, that the barrier was abandoned, and the party who had been stationed at it were in full flight; but as it occurred to him that there was a loaded cannon, he turned, and discharged it at random, and then ran. This anecdote I had from one of the gentlemen who conversed with this man.

That there was some such occurrence appears probable, and the following circumstances, having a similar bearing, were related to me by the person who shewed me this fatal ground. The spot may be known at the present moment, by its being somewhat farther up the river than the naval depôt, where great numbers of heavy cannon are now lying. The battery stood on the first gentle declivity, beyond this pile of cannon, and the deaths happened on the level ground, about forty yards still farther on. My informant stated, that the people in the block-house, as he called it, loaded their cannon over-night, and retired to rest. It so happened, (and it was perfectly accidental) that a captain of a vessel in the port lodged in the block-house that night. He was an intemperate man, half delirious even when most sober, and never minded any one, or was much listened to by others. Early on the fatal morning, before it was light, he exclaimed, all of a sudden—"they are coming, I s——r they are coming!" no one regarded him, but he got the iron-rods, which they used to touch off the cannon, heated them, and fired the pieces.

Immediately rockets were seen to fly into the air, which were signals to the party of Arnold, that all was lost. When light returned, General Montgomery, his aids, and many others, in the whole twenty-seven, (as he stated,) were found either dead or grievously wounded.

Thus I have had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing where both Wolfe and Montgomery fell. Had the latter succeeded, his enterprize would have been regarded as more gallant than even that of Wolfe. Probably the situation of the defences was

very different then from what it is now; at present, such an attempt would be perfectly desperate, and could deserve no name but rashness.

The memory of the transaction appears, in a great measure, to have passed by, at Quebec, and I can even conceive that in twenty years more it may be difficult to have the place accurately designated. It would be easy now, with permission of the government, to have an inscription cut upon the neighbouring precipice of rock, which is not six feet from the place, and I presume, were the request properly preferred, no objection would be made.

"All enmity to Montgomery expired with his life, and the respect to his private character prevailed over all other considerations; his dead body received every possible mark of distinction from the victors, and was interred in Quebec, with all the military honours due to a brave soldier."——"The most powerful speakers in the British Parliament displayed their eloquence in praising his virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator and veteran fellow-soldier of his, in the late war, shed abundance of tears, whilst he expatiated on their past friendship and participation of service in that season of enterprize and glory. Even the minister extolled his virtues."*

During our visit to the citadel, the place of his interment was pointed out to us. His bones (as is well known) were recently transferred to New-York, more than forty years after their original interment, and now lie buried, contiguous to the monument erected by Congress, in front of St. Paul's Church.

CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS AND THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

On the scite of this building, and on the contiguous ground, the French had a fortress, called St. Louis; it covered four acres, and formed nearly a parallelogram. The present castle is a part of the curtain, connecting two of the bastions of the fort, or, at least, it is in the same place, for I am not certain that it has not been rebuilt, since the destruction of the ancient fortress.

This castle had been suffered to go to decay, but, in 1808, seven thousand pounds were voted for its repair and embellishment, and an additional sum at a subsequent period. Sir James Craig first occupied it after this resuscitation.

The entire establishment forms a square, of which the present castle is the front, and the other parts are occupied by public offices, ball-rooms, &c. and there are stables, a guard-house, and a riding-room, besides extensive gardens.†

Without introduction we went to the castle of St. Louis, and,

* Annual Register, for 1776.

† Bouchette.

as strangers, preferred our request to see the interior. The sentinel and the servants gave us a ready admission. We were civilly conducted through its various apartments. They are numerous, but generally plain; some are large and handsome, but they are inferior, in elegance, to the rooms in many private houses. The furniture, with some exceptions, is far from being splendid. Some articles are rich, but many are hardly worthy of the distinguished place which they occupy.

Among the curiosities of the place is a famous round table, or rather half of a round table, with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host, when he drinks wine with his friends, who are arranged around him. That there may be no impediment to conviviality, not even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine of brass, shaped a little like a sextant, which can, at pleasure, be attached to the table, or removed; the centre embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle sustains the bottle; the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle, in other words, on the circular table; this is effected merely by touching a spring; the contrivance is certainly as important as it is original.

I am not certain, however, to whom the honour of the invention belongs, for we were assured in the castle, that the furniture descends, not as public, but as private property, and is paid for by each successive governor. This (if correctly stated) does not correspond with the usual munificence and dignity of the British government.

The Duke of Richmond, the late Governor-general of the Canadas, is stated not to have been rich; indeed, in Canada, the remark is made on all hands that he was poor. Still we were repeatedly assured that the duke's plate, which was lately sent back to England, was insured at forty thousand pounds, a snug fortune in itself for a private man, if not for a nobleman.

We were introduced into the duke's private study and library; the latter was not extensive, although the books were good; we saw also his bed-room and bed, and, in short, all the apartments of the family.

We asked for some personal relic of the duke, and they presented to us a thermometrical register, kept by him, during the first seven months of the present year, and the first half of August, ending with the time, (I presume,) when he set forward on the journey during which he died. The register is said to be in his own hand-writing. As it is not often that we obtain a document respecting Canadian temperature, and as this is interesting, on account of its origin, I will present an abstract of it in the form of results.

Average temperature at noon. A. D. 1819.		Coldest day at noon.			Hottest day at noon.		
Jan.	17° ab. 0	Jan.	14	6° bel. 0	Jan.	23	41° ab. 0
Feb.	25 "	Feb.	24	13 ab.	Feb.	9	42 "
March	35 "	March	6	2 "	March	21	37 "
April	43 "	April	8	32 "	April	29	64 "
May	56 "	May	25	36 "	May	4	72 "
June	68 "	June	1	54 "	June	6	90 "
July	75 "	July	28	65 "	July	24	84 "
Aug. (first 15 days)	78 "	Aug.	8	72 "	Aug. and	7 10	86 "

The average of the three { winter, spring, summer } months, is { 22° above 0, 56 ", 73 " }

In January, the thermometer, at noon, on the 5th, 8th, and 29th, was 4° below 0.

I have thrown away fractions of a degree. The thermometers with which the observations were made still hung in the room.

It is well known that the duke died of hydrophobia; and, it seems impossible to obtain in Canada, nay even in Quebec, and in the palace itself, a correct account of the circumstances that attended the calamity. As the subject, being of very recent occurrence, has been much spoken of in our presence, and in all circles, I trust it will not be indelicate, with respect to the friends of the deceased, or to the people recently under his government, if I proceed to repeat some of the statements which we have heard.

The person who shewed us the castle, and who, as we were informed, belonged to the duke's household, gave us the following account. It seems that the duke had a little dog, to which he was immoderately attached; the dog's name was Blucher, and Blucher, we were told, was caressed with such fondness that he slept with his master, and was affectionately addressed by the appellation of "my dear Blucher."

This idolized animal was bitten in the neck by another dog, afterwards ascertained to be mad—the rencounter took place in the court-yard of the palace, and the duke, in whose presence it occurred, full of compassion for his poor dog, caught him up in his arms, and applied his own lips to the part bitten; others, as well as this man, have informed us, that it was thus the duke imbibed the poison, some say through a cut in his lip, made by his razor, or through an accidental crack. The duke continued to sleep with the dog, which had not then, however, exhibited signs of madness.

There are other persons, and among them some highly respectable men, attached to the army, who deny the above, and

say that the duke was bitten by a rabid fox, on-board the steam-boat; the fox and dog, it is said, were quarrelling, and the duke interfered to part them. Others assert, that the duke put his hand into the cage where the fox was confined; and all who impute the event to the fox, declare that the hurt, which was on a finger, was so extremely slight as not to be noticed at the time, nor thought of afterwards, till the hydrophobia came on.

At the mansion-house in Montreal, where the duke always lodged, when in that city, we were assured by a respectable person in the house, that the duke certainly got his poison from his own dog; that this story was told him by the servants of the duke, when they returned with the dead body; and, what is more, that he saw the letter which the duke wrote to his own daughter, the lady Mary, after his symptoms had manifested themselves, and when he was in immediate expectation of death. In this letter, the duke reminded his daughter of the incident which was related to us at the palace. Whichever story is true, it would appear that the duke came by his death in consequence of his attachment to his dog, and, surely, never was a valuable life more unhappily sacrificed.*

The duke was up the country, near the Ottawa river, when the fatal symptoms appeared, but he persevered in his expedition—travelled thirty miles on foot, the day before he died—concealed his complaint, and opposed it as long as possible—wrote his final farewell to the lady Mary, and the other children, in a long letter, which contained particular directions as to the disposition of the family—and met death, we must say, at least like a soldier, for a soldier he had been the greater part of his life.

His complaint manifested itself, in the first instance, by an uneasiness at being upon the water, in the tour which he was taking into the interior, and they were obliged to land him. A glass of wine, presented to him, produced his spasms, although it is said that, by covering his eyes with one hand, and holding the glass with the other, he succeeded in swallowing the wine; but afterwards he could bear no liquids, and even the lather used in shaving distressed him.

In the intervals of his spasms he was wonderfully cool and collected—gave every necessary order to his servants, and to the officers of his suite—opposed the sending for a physician from Montreal, because, he said, the distance from it to Richmond, where he died, being eighty miles, he should be a dead man

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* I have never had it in my power to see the official accounts of the duke's death, as published in England. I am told they differ in some measure from the preceding statements, but I cannot tell in what particulars. All I can say is, that I give the reports as I heard them.

before the physician could arrive, and seemed to contemplate the dreadful fate before him with the *heroism*, at least, of a martyr.

In his turns of delirium, instead of barking and raving, as such patients are said usually to do, he employed himself in arranging his imaginary troops, forming a line of battle, (for he had been present at many battles, and, last of all, at Waterloo* itself,) and gave particular commands to a captain in the navy, who was not present, but whom he called by name, *to fire*—and the command was often and vehemently repeated. In a soliloquy, overheard but a few minutes before his death, he said, "Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond!—die like a man! Shall it be said that Richmond was afraid to meet death—no, never!"

I know not what were his grace's views on topics more important at such a crisis, than what our fellow-men will think of us; but, there was a degree of grandeur, of the heroic kind, in finding a military nobleman, cool and forecasting, in contemplation of one of the most awful of all deaths, and, even in his moments of delirium, like king Lear, raving in a style of sublimity.

We were informed that, even in death, he did not forget Blucher, but ordered that he should be caged, and the event awaited. The dog was carried away with the family, when they sailed for England, although he had previously began to snap and fly at people.

The duke appears to be remembered with affection; he was regarded as a very warm friend to Canada, and all here believe that he had its interests much at heart, and was actively engaged in promoting them. His family, consisting principally of daughters, young and unmarried, with very slender resources, and in a foreign land, received the appalling news at the castle of St. Louis, and soon the sad tidings were followed by the breathless body.

One daughter is married to Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, and the lady Mary, the eldest of the remaining daughters, is spoken of (although without any intended disparagement to the other children,) in the highest terms. We saw fire-screens, prettily inscribed with verses, and ornamented by her hand; and the person who attended us gave each of us a walking-stick, cut by the duke's own hand, in his last excursion. There was a large bundle of them done up by strings, and it seems it was the duke's custom, when he saw a stick that pleased him, to stop and cut it.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, and his lady and family, lodged in the same house with us, at Montreal, and appeared plain, unassuming people. While there, they received the calls of the principal

* I was informed by a British officer, that the duke was not actually in the bloody field, but somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

military and civil officers, and of the most distinguished private individuals; among the rest, came the veteran soldier of Wolfe, dressed in his scarlet uniform, and in the fashion of other days. Before leaving the palace, we wrote, by request, our names and residence, a requisition frequently made in similar places in Europe.

From the gallery, in front of the castle of St. Louis, we had a most magnificent view of the river, and of the surrounding country, while the lower town lay directly at our feet, but was rather a blemish than a beauty in the prospect.

The castle is, at its foundation, more than two hundred feet higher than the river, and in summer must be a most charming cool spot, but in winter a very bleak one.

GENERAL REMARKS ON QUEBEC.

A STRANGER's residence of a few days, in a foreign city, is hardly sufficient to give him any thing more than general views. Such views, accurately sketched, are however useful, although forming but an outline.

Quebec, at least for an American, is certainly a very peculiar place. A military town—containing about twenty thousand inhabitants—most compactly and permanently built—stone its sole material—environed, as to its most important parts by walls, and gates—and defended by numerous heavy cannon—garrisoned by troops, having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline of Europe—foreign in language, features, and origin, from most of those whom they are sent to defend—founded upon a rock, and, in its highest parts, overlooking a great extent of country—between three and four hundred miles from the ocean—in the midst of a great continent—and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen, in its fine capacious bay—and shewing all the bustle of a crowded sea-port—its streets narrow—populous and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities—situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe—exhibiting, in its environs, the beauty of an European capital—and yet, in winter, smarting with the cold of Siberia—governed by a people of different language and habits from the mass of the population—opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes, and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious; such are some of the most prominent features which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec.

As to its public buildings, besides the Castle of St. Louis, which has been mentioned, there is the Hotel Dieu, the Convent of the Ursulines, the Monastery of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, the Cathedrals, Catholic and Protestant, the Scotch Church, the Lower Town Church, the Court-house, the Seminary,

the new Gaol, and the Artillery Barracks; there are also a Place D'Armes, a Parade, and an Esplanade.*

The court-house is a modern stone building, one hundred and thirty-six feet by forty-four, with a handsome and regular front.

The Protestant cathedral is the handsomest modern building in the city; it is of stone, and is one hundred and thirty-six feet long by seventy-five broad;† it stands on ground nearly as high as any in the place, and is seen at a great distance.

The Catholic cathedral is built of stone; it is two hundred and sixteen feet long, and one hundred and eight broad. It was the first public building that we entered in Quebec. We found, as usual in such places, priests in attendance, and people at their devotions. The building is full of pictures and images, and has a venerable and ancient appearance. It can contain four thousand people.

The seminary was founded in 1663, for ecclesiastical instruction only, but is not now confined to that profession, although, according to Colonel Bouchette, its members must be Catholics. The building is of stone, forming three sides of a square, two hundred and nineteen feet long, and one hundred and twenty broad. The Hotel Dieu was founded in 1637, for the sick poor of both sexes. It includes the convent, hospital, church, court-yard, cemetery, and gardens. The principal building is three hundred and eighty-three feet long by fifty broad. This establishment, conducted by nuns, is highly commended for the humanity, comfort, cleanliness, and good arrangement which prevail in it.

The Ursuline convent is a square, whose side is one hundred and twelve feet; was founded in 1639; is devoted to female education, and is conducted by nuns. The Monastery, or College of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, is three stories high, and forms a parallelogram of two hundred and twenty-four feet by two hundred. It was a fine establishment in the time of the Jesuits, and judging from some of the apartments which I saw, it contains very comfortable accommodations for officers and troops. I was particularly struck with the new gaol, which is a handsome structure of stone, standing on very elevated ground; it is one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty-eight broad, and three stories high: the cost was over fifteen thousand pounds.

The Bishop's palace is one hundred and forty-seven feet by one hundred and eighteen, and stands in a very commanding situation, near the grand battery. It is now occupied by the Provin-

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* Bouchette.

† All the dimensions of the public buildings are taken on the authority of Colonel Bouchette.

cial Parliament and for various public-offices, and an annuity is paid to the Catholic bishop. It is said to be in a ruinous condition.

The artillery-barracks were built by the French in 1750. They extend five hundred and twenty-seven feet by forty, and contain accommodations for the artillery-troops of the garrison, work-shops, store-houses, &c. and every variety of small arms for twenty thousand men, which are always kept fit for immediate use, and are fancifully arranged.

Quebec is well paved with large stones, firmly fixed. Most of its streets are narrow; the principal ones are thirty-two feet wide, but most of them only from twenty-four to twenty-seven. The houses are of very unequal height, and generally have high sloping roofs, to enable them to sustain the ice and snow. The covering of the roofs with tin, or even with sheet-iron, is by no means general; most of them are still covered with shingles. Many of the modern houses, especially on the highest ground, are very handsome, and in the modern style, and some new ones are in progress. The market-place is, in its largest dimensions, two hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and sixty-five. I saw it on Saturday morning, which is the best time, and never wish to see a market better supplied with meat, fowl, fish, and vegetables, and every thing in very good order. The prices we are told are not high. There are a great many dogs in Quebec, and they are not kept merely for parade: they are made to work, and it is not uncommon in Quebec to see dogs harnessed to little carts, and drawing meat, merchandize, and even wood up and down the hills; they pull with all their little might, and seem pleased with their employment.

With respect to the institutions of Quebec, most of which were founded by the French, the valuable statistical account of Canada, by Colonel Bouchette, will supply every detail as to the nunneries, the hospitals, the college, the churches, Catholic and Protestant, the clergy, and every other important particular, which a stranger would desire to learn. This work, with its grand topographical map, is however, I believe, little known in the United States, and is rather too expensive for general circulation.

Besides the peculiar, or at least remarkable features, which have been sketched, Quebec is certainly a very respectable city, and one of those places on the American continent most worthy of the curiosity of an intelligent stranger. Indeed, to have seen Quebec and Montreal, and the intervening and surrounding country, is, in some degree, a substitute for a visit to Europe. The latitude of Quebec is 46 deg. 48 min. 59 sec. north.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Montreal, October 12.—THE mighty outlet of the most magnificent collection of inland waters in the world, the North American lakes—individually, like seas—collectively, covering the area of an empire; already enlivened by the sails of commerce, and recently awed by the thunder of contending navies; bordered by thriving villages and settlements, and hereafter to be surrounded by populous towns, and cities, and countries; associated as this river is with such realities, and with such anticipations, it is impossible to approach the St. Lawrence with ordinary feelings, or to view it as merely a river of primary magnitude.

Already, the two great cities of Canada are erected on its borders; Europe sends her fleets to Quebec, and even to Montreal; nearly two hundred miles of intervening water are now daily passed between the cities, by steam-boats, some of which are as large in tonnage as Indiamen, or sloops of war. It is now no very difficult task to be wafted on the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to the Ocean, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, or from Niagara, which differs little from one thousand, and the entire range, from Lake Superior, is two thousand.

In that part of the St. Lawrence which, within a week, we have now twice passed, there are fewer observations to be made than on many routes much less extensive, and on many rivers of much inferior magnitude. This arises from the great sameness which prevails along the banks. They appear to be very generally alluvial; extensively they are so low that they seem, in many places, hardly to form an adequate barrier against the occasional swelling and overflow of the great river, which they limit; indeed, it is difficult always to convince ones-self that they are not, here and there, actually lower than the river; of rocks, till we come within a few miles of Quebec, there are hardly any to be seen, and yet it is obvious that there are rocks in the vicinity, because the houses are often constructed of stone; for many miles from Montreal, on the way to Quebec, the banks are little else than damp meadows, resembling Holland extremely; sometimes the shores recede in natural terraces, and retiring platforms placed one above another, till the last visible one forms a high ridge; at other times, precipitous banks, cut down as it were by art, exhibit strata of gravel and clay and sand—forming distinct and often variously coloured horizontal layers; the forests are usually removed from the immediate margin of the river, and the verdure is in most places rich and lively.

The average width of ther iver, between Montreal and Quebec, appears to be about two miles; but it is extremely irregular;

sometimes it does not exceed half-a-mile, or three-fourths of a mile, but this is true only near Quebec and at a few other places; at other times, it becomes two, three, or more miles wide. I have already mentioned, that in the Lake of St. Peter, as it is called, a few miles above the town of Three Rivers, an expansion of the river takes place, so that for more than twenty* miles, its breadth is nine or ten miles.

The current is considerable—probably three miles an hour generally, but in some places it has apparently double that force, and the river, instead of flowing as it commonly does, with an unruffled surface, becomes perturbed, and hurries along with murmurs and eddies, and in a few places with foam and breakers.

This is particularly the case at the Richelieu rapids, fifty miles above Quebec, where the river is compressed within half-a-mile, and the navigable part within much less; numerous rocks, which appear to be principally large rolled masses, form, when the water is low, as it was when we passed, a terrific reef, and when the river is up, a dangerous concealed enemy. Through these rapids, (as was mentioned on the passage down,) the steam-boats dare not go in the night, and the instance in which it is said to have been done, was to carry to Quebec the news of the Duke of Richmond's death. The speed of the steam-boat had, however, been surpassed by that of the land-messenger, who had already arrived with the gloomy news. At the lower end of the town of Montreal, the stream, compressed by the island of St. Helena, is so impetuous that the steam-boats, which every where else can stem the current, are here obliged to anchor and procure the aid of oxen; four yoke were employed, with a drag-rope, to draw the Malsham—the boat in which we came up to Montreal, through this pass; it is, however, not half-a-mile that the river is so rapid, for after passing this place steam carries on the boats again to their moorings at the upper end of the town. It requires a very strong wind to carry vessels with sails against this current. I saw some vessels here which enjoyed this advantage, and for one hour I could not perceive that they made any head-way.

The population on the river is very considerable, nearly all the way between the two cities, so that on both sides houses or villages are almost constantly in view. There are, however, but two towns of any magnitude, both of which have been mentioned—Sorel, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and which connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles below Montreal, and the Trois Rivieres or Three Rivers,† half-way between

* Colonel Bouchette states the length at twenty-five miles, but he includes that portion which is full of islands.

† The tide ceases near this place.

Quebec and Montreal. This large town derives its whimsical name from the fact that the river St. Maurice, which empties here, is divided at its mouth by little islands, into three parts, so that there seem to be three rivers instead of one.

Most of the houses on both banks of the St. Lawrence, as well as in the vicinity of Quebec, are white, roof and all; the roofs of houses in Canada being frequently protected from fire, as well as beautified by a white-wash of salt and lime, or of lime only, which is renewed every year.

There are many villages on the river; some are large and populous, and most of them are furnished with pretty, and a few with grand churches; they have from one spire to three, and having generally a brilliant covering of tin, both on the roofs and spires, they blaze in the sun, and, even at the distance of miles, dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Some other public buildings, and the best private houses on the banks, are occasionally covered in the same manner. Most of the cottages are only one story high, and are small; but large and good houses, appearing like the residences of the seigneurs and other country gentlemen, are hardly ever out of sight. The banks of the St. Lawrence, thus verdant and beautiful from cultivation, and decked every where with brilliant white houses and pretty villages, impress a traveller very pleasantly, although he finds but little variety in the views. I have omitted to mention, that from the rapids of Richelieu, going down the river, the banks almost immediately become considerably more elevated.

MONTREAL.

St. John, Oct. 14th, 1819.—On leaving the city this morning, we passed again to Longueil, but not in so frail a bark as before. We were conveyed in a horse-boat, worked by ten horses, and which, when we entered, had just discharged sixteen carts and calashes, besides people and cattle, other than those belonging to these vehicles. We crossed lower down and in deeper water than we had passed in the canoe.

The view of the town, when we were receding, as well as when we were advancing, was very fine. It stretches about two miles along the St. Lawrence, and it scarcely equals half a mile in breadth. The bank of the river is considerably elevated, and the ground, although not very uneven, rises gradually from the water into a moderate ridge—then sinks into a hollow, and then rises with more rapidity till it finishes, less than a mile and a half from the town, in one of the finest hills that can be imagined. This hill is called the mountain* of Montreal, and, indeed,

* There are several springs near the top of this mountain, and from them the town is supplied with water by the usual means of subterranean pipes.

from it the town derives its name; the words originally signified, as is said, the Royal Mountain. This mountain rises five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river. It forms a steep and verdant barrier, covered with shrubbery, and crowned with trees, and is a most beautiful back-ground for the city.

Its form, as it appears from the river, is nearly that of a bow. We rode up, across the southern end of it, behind the beautiful seat of the Hon. Mr. M'Gillivray. I afterwards ascended it on foot, in company with an English gentleman, and walked the length of its ridge. The view is one of the finest that can be seen in any country. Immediately at our feet, the city of Montreal is in full view, with its dazzling tin-covered roofs and spires, and its crowded streets; the noble St. Lawrence, stretching away to the right and left, is visible, probably for fifty miles, and on both sides of it, and for a great width, particularly on the south, one of the most luxuriant champaign countries in the world is spread before the observer. The mountains of Belæil, Chambly, and a few others, occur upon this vast plain, but in general it is not interrupted till it reaches the territories of the United States, in which we discern the mountains of Vermont and New-York.

In our rear we saw the Ottowa or Grand River and its branches, which, uniting and becoming blended with the St. Lawrence, divide the island of Montreal from the main.

Nothing is wanted to render the mountain of Montreal a charming place for pedestrian excursions, and for rural parties, but a little effort, and expense in cutting and clearing winding walks, and in removing a few trees from the principal points of view, (as they now form a very great obstruction;) a lodge or resting place on the mountain, constructed so as to be ornamental, would also be a desirable addition.

On the front declivity of the mountain is a beautiful cylinder of lime-stone or grey marble, erected on a pedestal; the entire height of both appeared to be about thirty-five feet. It rises from among the trees, by which it is surrounded, and is a monument to the memory of Simon M'Tavish, Esq. who died about fourteen years since, and was, in a sense, the founder of the North Western Company. Just below is a handsome mausoleum, of the same materials, containing his remains; and, still lower down the mountain, an unfinished edifice of stone, erected by the same gentleman, which, had he lived to complete it, would have been one of the finest in the vicinity of Montreal. It is now fast becoming a ruin, although it is enclosed and roofed in, and the windows are built up with masonry. It would have been a superb house, if finished according to the original plan.

MODE OF BUILDING IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL has much the appearance of an European town, particularly of a continental one. The streets are narrow, except some of the new ones; the principal ones are those parallel to the river, of which those of St. Paul, which is a bustling street of business, near the river, and Notre Dame-street, on higher ground, and more quiet, more genteel, and better built, are the principal; the latter street is thirty feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. A few of those which intersect the above streets at right angles are also considerable. The town has a crowded active population, and many strangers and persons from the country augment the activity in its streets.

But the circumstance which assimilates it most to a continental European town, is its being built of stone. People from the United States are apt to consider Montreal as gloomy, and I presume it arises from the fact of its being built of stone, and principally in an antique fashion. The former is, however, in reality a strong ground of preference over our cities, built of wood and brick. Stone is the best material of which houses can be constructed; if properly built, they are not damp in the least; they exclude both heat and cold better than any other houses; they will not burn, except in part, and scarcely need repair, and they are easily made very handsome. Indeed no other material possesses sufficient dignity for expensive public edifices; and we were sorry to see even a few private houses in the suburbs of Montreal built of brick, in the Anglo-American style.

Montreal is certainly a fine town of its kind, and it were much to be wished that the people of the United States would imitate the Canadians, by constructing their houses, wherever practicable, of stone. The environs of Montreal are beautiful, but although considerably cultivated and improved, they are far from being brought to the state of which they are capable.

A number of handsome villas now make their appearance around the town, and there are numerous scites still unoccupied, which will probably be hereafter crowned with elegant seats. Few places in the world possess more capabilities of this kind than Quebec and Montreal; if the latter is less bold than the former in its scenery, it possesses much richness and delicate beauty, which need nothing but wealth and taste to display them to advantage; the former already exists in Montreal to a great extent, and there are also very respectable proofs of the existence and growth of the latter.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS ON MONTREAL.

THIT city is in latitude 45° 31′ north, and in longitude 73° 35′ west from Greenwich. It covers one thousand and twenty acres

—what was within the old fortifications was only one hundred acres. Its climate is very considerably milder than that of Quebec, and most persons would probably consider it as a more desirable residence. In regard to accommodations, it is so to a stranger, who will look in vain, in Quebec, for an establishment equal to the Mansion-House. He will find indeed in Quebec a good table, but there are deficiencies on other topics, to which an American from the United States, and still more perhaps an Englishman, will not easily be reconciled.

The following facts* as to the extent of some of the public establishments of Montreal, may be of some use towards a correct estimation of the public spirit of the country, especially of that which prevailed under the French dominion.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644, is three hundred and twenty-four feet in front, by four hundred and sixty-eight deep; it is attended by thirty-six nuns, who administer to the sick and diseased of both sexes.

The Convent of La Congregation de Notre Dame forms a range of buildings two hundred and thirty-four feet in front, by four hundred and thirty-three; the object of this institution is female instruction.

The General Hospital, or Convent of the Grey Sisters, was founded in 1750: it occupies a space along the little river St. Pierre of six hundred and seventy-eight feet, and is a refuge for the infirm poor and invalids.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is one hundred and forty-four feet by ninety-four; this church we thought, in some respects, more splendid in the interior, but less grand than that at Quebec. It contains, among other things, a gigantic wooden image of the Saviour on the cross. The cathedral stands completely in the street of Notre Dame, across the Place d'Armes, and entirely obstructs the view up and down the street. This church is, on the outside, rude and unsightly.

The English cathedral is the finest building in Montreal—its tower, which is unfinished, is still in progress; this church is very large, but I did not learn its dimensions. Those whom we saw attending worship in it, were persons of very genteel appearance, including many military men, but the church would have held ten times as many as were present.

The seminary of St. Sulpice occupies three sides of a square, and is one hundred and thirty-two feet by ninety, with spacious gardens. It was founded about 1657.

The new college, or Petit Seminaire, is in the Recollet suburbs; it is two hundred and ten feet by forty-five, with a wing

* Bouchette.

at each end, of one hundred and eighty-six feet by forty-five; it is an appendage of the other seminary, and designed to extend its usefulness by enlarging its accommodations.

There is near the mountain of Montreal another appendage of the seminary. It appears to be about a mile from the town; it is a considerable stone-building, surrounded by a massy wall, which encloses extensive gardens, &c. This place was formerly called Clateau des Seigneurs de Montreal, but now it has the appellation of La Maison des Pretres. It is a place of recreation, resorted to once a-week, by both the superiors and pupils of the seminary.

There is no English college in Canada, but a foundation for one has been laid by a gentleman,* who died in 1814, and bequeathed ten thousand pounds, besides a handsome real estate at the mountain near Montreal, "for the purpose of endowing an English college; but, upon condition, that such an institution should be erected within ten years, otherwise the property was to revert to his heirs." I have not heard that the plan has ever been carried into execution.

I know nothing that has excited my surprise more in Canada than the number, extent, and variety of the French institutions, many of them intrinsically of the highest importance, and all of them (according to their views) possessing that character. They are the more extraordinary when we consider that most of them are more than a century old, and that at the time of their foundation the colony was feeble, and almost constantly engaged in war. It would seem, from these facts, as if the French must have contemplated the establishment of a permanent and eventually of a great empire in America, and this is the more probable, as most of these institutions were founded during the ambitious, splendid, and enterprising reign of Louis XIV.

The agricultural productions of the country are very fine; in no respect inferior to those of the United States, and they are evidently raised, in Lower Canada, in greater profusion, and with greater ease, than with us. The market in Montreal is excellent; it contains, according to the season, all kinds of meats, with abundance of fowl, game, fish, and vegetables, in fine order.

The fine champaign country, which occupies so large a part of Lower Canada, is exceedingly fertile, and, although we are accustomed to consider the climate as very severe, it is evidently very healthy; with the contrivances which exist here, for producing and preserving heat, and for excluding cold, the climate is, by all accounts, very comfortable; and it does not appear

* Hon. James M'Gill.

that it prevents the inhabitants from enjoying nearly every production of the earth, which is known in the States bordering on Canada. Their potatoes and cauliflowers are particularly good, and are raised with great ease.

The only article which we have found generally bad in this country has been bread. The best which we have seen has been only tolerable, and most of it has been so sour, dark-coloured, and bitter, that it took some time to reconcile us to it in any degree. We were beyond measure astonished at the badness of this article, especially as it is so good in England, and in the cities of the United States, and as so many of the Canadians are perfectly acquainted with both countries.

Lower Canada is a fine country, and will hereafter become populous and powerful, especially as the British and Anglo-American population shall flow in more extensively, and impart more vigour and activity to the community. The climate, notwithstanding its severity, is a good one and very healthy, and favourable to the freshness and beauty of the human complexion. All the most important comforts of life are easily and abundantly obtained, although the expences of living are high, considering the fertility of the country.

A more correct knowledge of Canada is now fast diffusing itself through the American States, since the intercourse is become so easy, and I believe few Americans from the States now visit this country, without returning more favourably impressed respecting it than they expected to be. It will be happy if friendly sentiments and the interchange of mutual courtesies shall do away the unfounded impressions and prejudices of both communities. Commercial intercourse between the two countries is also important, and, I presume, mutually advantageous, and will probably continue to increase. The commercial men of Canada are principally British and Americans.

DEPARTURE FROM CANADA.

We left Montreal on the morning of the fourteenth, in a thick snow, which, however, soon ceased; the crystals of snow were all single prisms, or two prisms, united at an angle, and not the usual star of six rays. The first snow of the season fell the day before, when I was on the mountain of Montreal.

From Montreal to Chambly, fifteen miles, is a perfectly flat alluvial country, with a deep rich soil, and appears to have been a mere swamp, till cultivation had redeemed it. The road has been made by ditching and embankment, and considering the nature of the country, the road is not bad.

Chambly is a considerably large town for Canada, contains a

few good, and some handsome houses, extensive barracks,* both for infantry and cavalry, and a few troops. At Chambly, the river Sorel, which, both above and below, is sluggish, (at least it is so near its mouth and at St. John's) becomes very lively, rolling over a rocky bottom, and forming a pretty although not an impetuous rapid. In the only place upon its banks, where I had an opportunity to see any of the rocks, they were flat secondary limestone covered by slate.

From Chambly to St. John's, twelve miles, there is a beautiful country, along the bank of the river; the population is a numerous one, and in summer this must be one of the finest rides that a flat country can present. Near Chambly, but on the other side of the river, there is a large and handsome house belonging to General Christie Burton, who has there an establishment of mills.

We arrived in the town of St. John's in the afternoon. We were very comfortably accommodated at Cameron's Inn; but St. John's is a place in which a stranger will not wish to remain long. Although the country is fertile about it, its appearance is mean, dirty, and disagreeable. A few troops are stationed here, but the ancient fort, which was very extensive, and still looks very venerable with its high earthen walls and falling barracks, is an interesting ruin. It was captured in 1775 by General Montgomery, after a gallant defence, and a considerably protracted siege.

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October 15*th*.—At eight o'clock in the morning, we left St. John's in the steam-boat Congress, and although encountering both an opposing wind and current, we swept along with great rapidity in one of the swiftest and best boats that I have ever seen. She is not large, but is fitted up with great neatness, and every thing about her is in fine order.

We soon passed the Isle aux Noix, which, as observed in the passage down, has also been celebrated in the military history of these countries, and is now fortified and occupied by a considerable force. Troops appeared to be engaged in throwing up additional works. There are large barracks on this island, and numbers of officers reside here, on this low spot, of only eighty-five acres, in what appears a gloomy exile. This island is particularly important to the naval command of Lake Champlain, and here the unfortunate Captain Downie's squadron was fitted out.

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* Erected, principally, during the late war, when it was a great military station.

At Rouse's Point, at the confluence of the river Sorel with Lake Champlain, we again passed the strong stone-work recently erected by the United States to command the river, and now about to fall to the British government.

Once more we were in our own waters, and in a short time passed around Cumberland Head, which is composed of flat strata of secondary limestone.

BURLINGTON, IN VERMONT, TO HANOVER, IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, 84 MILES.

We were on the road three days, and, as it is not remarkably interesting, except for its wild Alpine scenery, I shall give but a sketch of it.

Burlington is one of the most beautiful villages in New-England. It stands on a bay of the same name, is a port of entry, and has a population of probably nearly two thousand. Rising rapidly from the lake, and occupying the declivity and top of a high hill—abounding with elegant houses—generally large and painted white—having several handsome public buildings, and (the most conspicuous and commanding of them all,) a college, situated on the most elevated ground, three hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the water; the impressions which it makes on a stranger are very agreeable, and the more so, as it is scarcely forty years since this region was a wilderness. Its buildings are a court-house, a jail, an academy, a college, two handsome houses of public worship, one hundred and sixty dwelling-houses, and forty-three stores, offices, and mechanics' shops. It is the most commercial place on the lake.*

It is worth a journey across the green mountains, which occupy almost the entire breadth of Vermont, and from which the state derives its name, to see the grand views which they present. There is, in fact, a succession of mountains, one, two, three, and four thousand feet high; not here and there a single peak, but a vast billowy ocean, swelled into innumerable pointed waves, and bold ridges, and scooped into deep hollows.

According to the barometrical measurement of Captain Partridge, the Camel's Rump, twenty miles east by south from Burlington, is about four thousand† feet high, and many others approach this elevation.

At Montpelier, in a low valley, forty miles from the lake, we found the legislature of Vermont convened. Montpelier is a small and rather neat village, of about one hundred families; the township in which it is situated contains nearly two thousand

* Worcester's Gazetteer.
† Three thousand four hundred.—Worcester's Gazetteer.

people; but this place is so secluded, that it seems as if the government had sought retirement more than publicity, in fixing itself here. It is probable, however, that it was rather a regard to a central position, as this place is only ten miles from the centre of the state. The roads were good through our whole journey to Hanover, except the effects of recent rains, and considering the mountainous nature of the country. Wherever practicable they have followed the river courses along the alluvial bottoms, and, where they have wound around the hills, it is done with great skill and judgment. Very frequently we rode for miles on precipices, where the descent was, for a great many yards down, almost perfectly abrupt, and a slight deviation would have been fatal.

When we arrived at the height of land, which was about sixty miles from the lake, the streams, now tending towards the Connecticut, indicated our course, and, for six or seven miles, we descended with great rapidity, the carriage almost constantly urging the horses forward, and at last we found lodgings in the beautiful valley of Chelsea, completely environed by mountains, which being free from wood, and prettily dotted here and there with flocks of sheep, reminded me cheerfully of the Derbyshire scenery.

The village was very neat, with one of the best inns which we had seen; we were received with the kindness of a home, and with almost all its comforts.

The next day (October 18th,) we arrived at Hanover, in New-Hampshire, having crossed the Connecticut river from the pretty town of Norwich, on a bridge.

HANOVER.

Oct. 18.—This handsome village, of about sixty houses, is an agreeable object to a traveller. It is built principally upon a small hollow square, which is a beautiful green. Most of the houses are very neat, and some are large and handsome. The greater part are painted white, and have that lively appearance so common in the villages of New-England.

RIDE DOWN CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Oct. 19.—We passed down the New-Hampshire side of the river, eighteen miles, and then crossed into Vermont, at the beautiful town of Windsor, containing two thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants.*

The town has a magnificent back-ground in the high mountain Ascutney, measuring three thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the sea, and two thousand nine hundred and

* Worcester's Gazetteer.

three above the surface of the river.* The form of the mountain is handsome, and presents naked rocks at its summit.

From Windsor we passed down the Vermont side of the river to Charlestown, where we again crossed into New-Hampshire. We saw on our ride the establishment of Mr. Jarvis, formerly a consul abroad. He has a very extensive farm, and an entire village, named Wethersfield, is owned by him, and occupied by his tenants.

We passed the night at Charlestown. This is another village remarkable for beauty. It is built upon one street, which is very wide, and, for nearly a mile, the houses are planted at distances convenient both for neighbourhood and accommodation.

Here, as at Windsor, a large proportion are very handsome, and there is an extreme degree of neatness in the fields, gardens, and door-yards. The verdure being still fine, notwithstanding the period of the year, was charmingly contrasted with the brilliant white of the houses.

From Hanover to this place the river Connecticut flows in a narrow channel, in most places so confined by very high ground, and sometimes by mountains, that it seems to run in the only possible place, and the channel appears as if it had been cut by art, and laid with exquisite skill through an almost impervious country. Rarely do the precipitous banks retire so as to leave any meadows or flat lands upon the border, and the country appears not remarkably fertile. The pines still occupy a considerable portion of it, but most of the large ones are cut away; here and there an ancient tree still raises its head to the winds, and towers above its compeers. In many parts of this region, very formidable fences are made by pulling up the stumps of the gigantic pine-trees, and arranging them in a row with their roots interlocked.

BELLOWS FALLS.

This place is worth visiting, both for its bold and picturesque scenery, and for the interesting nature of its mineralogy and geology.

On approaching Bellows Falls from the north, the traveller is first struck by the elegant appearance of the small village of Rockingham, situated on the Vermont side of the river, upon ground pleasantly elevated. A neat church, semi-gothic, and several seats of gentry, who have clustered about these falls, are finely contrasted with the wildness and rudeness of the surrounding scenery. On the New-Hampshire side, a very high ridge of

* According to Captain Partridge's measurement. This gentleman is establishing a military academy at Norwich, opposite to Hanover, and a large building is now erecting for this purpose.

mountain-rock, I presume five or six hundred feet above the level of the river, forms its immediate barrier, there being only just room for a narrow road between it and the Connecticut. Immediately at the foot of this frowning and impending mountain, is an elegant establishment belonging to a gentleman who seems not to feel what every observer must dread, that his house may be crushed by falling rocks.

Bellows Falls, as a piece of scenery, are peculiar on account of a certain snugness, which marks the entire collection of mountains, rocks, and river-torrent, and pretty houses, which are all approached without the slightest inconvenience, and are comprised within a very small compass. On the west side there is a canal half-a-mile long, around the falls; it has nine locks.

From Bellows Falls we passed down to Walpole. This is another handsome village; some of the houses are splendid. Putney, on the Vermont side, presented nothing particularly interesting. We reached Brattleborough at evening, and there passed the night.

In Dummerston I saw a great slate quarry: the strata were vertical, and the excavation was like a deep canal, so that as I walked into it, the perpendicular strata formed a perfect wall on both sides, and I trod on their edges. It was a fine example of primitive roofing slate; and from this place and the vicinity, as Brattleborough, &c. it is extensively quarried, and carried down the river.

In speaking of the villages on Connecticut river, I often use the epithets beautiful, handsome, &c. till they are in danger of becoming trite. Still I must repeat them with respect to the eastern* village of Brattleborough.

This village is built principally upon one street, and contains very few houses or shops that are not an ornament to the place. The street is parallel to the river, and passes through luxuriant meadows, spreading into an extensive champaign, bounded by the Connecticut, which here for miles washes the base of a grand mountain-barrier that limits the view on the east. This view was best seen in retrospect as we rose the hill, at the south end of the town. Thence we saw this mountain-range, probably here one thousand† feet high, covered with the richest drapery of the forest, and stretching away to the north, while the Connecticut gently washed its foot, and the pretty village, with its white houses and brilliant church, rose in the midst of a rich meadow.

But the most interesting object in Brattleborough is its vene-

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* The other village I did not see.

† This is a conjecture merely: I know not of any measurement.

rable pastor, with whom at his pleasant rural abode we had the honour of an evening interview. At the age of seventy-five, he has recently returned from England, his native country, after a visit of eighteen months. He had been absent from England twenty-five years, and found, on returning to his native town, which, (except occasional visits,) he left sixty-three years since, that *but one person remembered him*. Even the monuments of his contemporaries in the grave-yard, were so moss-grown, that he could not read the inscriptions, and those of the persons who had died more recently he did not know. He found, however, many friends in various parts of England, who remembered him with affection. The country appeared to him greatly improved, and to exhibit the most decided proofs of a thriving condition; but his *adopted* country he greatly prefers, and gladly returned to end his days in it.

The venerable man, at once an instructive and delightful MENTOR, entertained us with many of the incidents of his tour, the relation of which was enlivened by the most interesting remarks.

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Oct. 21st.—We left Brattleborough in the morning, and eleven miles below crossed the bridge into Northfield, in Massachusetts.

Northfield is a neat village, on a wide street situated on a hill, but the houses are plain; the place had, however, an air of comfort and snugness.

Passing down through Northfield into Montague, we came to extensive ranges of primitive rocks, chiefly gneiss; but in them occurred great beds of granite, the first that I had seen *in place* on our whole journey. Primitive rocks continued to the upper lock of Miller's Falls: the canal here is cut through a coarse conglomerate, composed of fragments of primitive rocks.

The scenery at this place is handsome; and at the confluence of Miller's River with the Connecticut, the latter forms a great bow, and looks like a lake surrounded by high hills.

Several miles below, we came to Miller's Falls. The river runs nearly north-west, and is precipitated over the strata, which at this place cross the river, and form a natural dam. The rocks which form the natural dam at Miller's Falls are composed of fragments of primitive rocks; but generally these fragments are not large, rarely exceeding an inch or two in diameter, and generally smaller than that. The strata have an inclination of forty-five degrees, and have every mark of the earliest class of fragmented rocks. Are they not a variety of Greywacke? Their direction is nearly north-east and south-west.

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We crossed the Connecticut again, at the place where, by completing its great bend, it returns to its usual direction of north

and south. We now arrived in the town of Greenfield, and on ascending the hill from the river, I saw, for the first time, in this part of the country, *trap rocks in place*. They here constitute an extensive range, extremely well characterized, and, (agreeably to Mr. Hitchcock's excellent account of the geology of this vicinity,*) form, *very nearly*, the northern extremity of the great trap ranges, which commence at New-Haven and cross completely both the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut.†

The fragmented rocks, which, in nearly the whole of this range, lie beneath the trap, I here had the pleasure of seeing emerge from under it, at a high angle of inclination, and at a high elevation, on the side next to the village of Greenfield.

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From the hill in question, we had a fine view of this village, which stands principally on two intersecting streets; has a number of handsome houses, and, for a country-town, an uncommon proportion of brick buildings. Walpole also has a number, and Windsor a larger number than either. Greenfield stands two miles from Connecticut river, on a high plain, which declines gently to the west. It has handsome churches, a court-house, a jail, &c.

DEERFIELD.

Just at evening we drove over to Deerfield, a distance of three miles, through the most luxuriant and beautiful country that we had seen in our whole journey. This country is the fine alluvial region intersected by the Deerfield river, and probably formed by it, as the alluvial countries on rivers generally appear to be. Even now, in the latter part of October, the grass is most vividly green, thickly matted, and rich as the shag of velvet. The remains of the crops of corn evinced also great productiveness, and seemed almost to realize the fables of the golden ages.

We were comfortably lodged in a good inn, just in time to visit, before dark, a very interesting antiquity in this town.

Deerfield is a plain venerable town, with good buildings, but not many of them are in the modern style; this circumstance is, however, rather pleasing than otherwise. Deerfield extends about a mile on one street; it has a highly respectable academy, the finest meadows in New England, and a very interesting ancient history, upon which I have no time to enlarge.

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Oct. 22.—We left Deerfield on a fine morning, and extended

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* See American Journal of Science, vol. 1.

† The same that, in sketching the scenery in the middle region of Connecticut, were described early in this volume.